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A HISTORY OF A VOYAGE TO THE COAST OF AFRICA,

and TRAVELS into the Interior of that Country; containing particular Deſcriptions of the Climate and Inhabitants, and intereſting Particulars concerning the Slave Trade. *By* JOSEPH HAWKINS, *formerly of New-York.*

(Continued from page 307.)

THE opening of the morning was the ſignal for our riſing. Having dreſſed our neceſſary proviſions of goat's fleſh over night, we refreſhed as appetite required, and after bathing in an adjacent rivulet, we proceeded on our journey. After two hours travel along the ſkirt of an irregular hill, we diſcovered at ſome diſtance ſeveral of the natives, ſcattered apart with bows and arrows: theſe Hurdee informed me were in purſuit of game. We endeavoured to gain the covert of the wood, but they had alſo perceived us, and had formed into two parties, one of which preſented themſelves in our way, and appeared diſpoſed to diſpute our paſſage through the path into which we had turned. They ſtood for a conſiderable time with marks of ſurpriſe, but without the leaſt appearance of violent intentions. In the mean time, the other party had approached us at ſome diſtance behind, where they alſo ſtood fixed with admiration.

My unacquaintance with the temper of the people, and judging of their ferocity by circumſtances that belonged to the ſevere character of the ſavages of the American Lakes, I ſuggeſted to my companion my fears of their intentions being hoſtile: he made anſwer they were friends, and left me little opportunity for further conſideration, when he advanced towards them in a ſlow pace; I followed him in the ſame manner.

When we had reached the party in front within about twenty paces, Hurdee ſpoke to them in their own

language;

language; they appeared much pleaſed, and approached us without further reſerve; the ſecond party ſoon after joined us likewiſe.

My companion informed them of the propoſed extent of our journey; they expreſſed much ſurpriſe at our undertaking a journey of ſuch length, with ſo few in number, and through countries thickly infeſted by beaſts of prey; this latter part of their information, however, was concealed from me at that time. A party of theſe negroes propoſed to accompany us part of our route, to which we aſſented, and the whole company partook of refreſhment about noon.—At 4 o'clock in the evening, as we aſcended a hill marked by beaten pathways, the ſerenity of the ſky and the ſtillneſs of the air cauſed me to notice the violent agitation of a tree at ſome diſtance before us, on the ſkirt of a ſhady cluſter: I pointed it out to the guide and to the negroes; they drew me out of the path into a more open one, and I learned the following particulars of a large ſnake, whoſe beauteous folds, but cumbrous form, I could diſcern upon approaching it at a ſafe diſtance.

This ſpecies of ſnake grows to the length of 24 feet, being in diameter from ſix to eight inches; its back is of a deep green, intermingled with luminous colours, and its belly of a lighter ſhade; its motions are ſlow, therefore not dangerous if diſcovered in time by the traveller. It ſeizes its prey by ſtratagem, climbing lofty trees cloſe to the pathways of men and cattle: theſe it attacks by winding its tail round the trunk of the tree, and letting its fore folds fall on the object it means to deſtroy; after cruſhing it to death in the inſtant of ſurpriſe, it devours its victim at leiſure. The negroes complained of ſome recent miſchief committed in that neighbourhood, and Hurdee ſuggeſted that the deſtruction of this ſnake with our fire arms would be at once eaſy to us, and highly agreeable to our good natured fellow-travellers.

We accordingly loaded our guns with two balls each, and having taken a convenient poſition ſo as to fire together, we perceived, from the noiſe, and the blood flowing down the trunk of the tree, that it was ſeverely wounded. It preſently made a moſt hideous noiſe, and vented its rage on the branches of the tree, which having torn in various directions, gave us a more clear view of his violent ſtruggles.

I was not perfectly ſatisfied as to our ſafety from its rage, and prepared to complete its deſtruction by another diſcharge. The negroes, who had ſeen with aſtoniſhment the effect of our arms, had retired to ſome diſtance behind us; we fired a ſecond time, and the monſter fell gaſping to the ground, where it lay a few minutes apparently dying; but ſuddenly collecting the vigour of deſperation and torture, threw itſelf into various forms; now it collected itſelf, blood flowing from its wounds, in knots and circles, cruſhing and breaking the young ſaplings that grew within his circuit; exhauſted by its ſtruggles and the loſs of blood, the negroes approached and helped to complete the cataſtrophe with their arrows; Hurdee employed his hanger, and aſſiſted in cutting off ſuch parts of the animal as they choſe, which they did with exultation: they each took ſuch parts as ſuited them, and night approaching, we were conſtrained to ſeek a convenient place of reſt. Our fellow-travellers reſolved to ſpend the night with us, which gave me conſidera-

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ble pleaſure. We encamped, and fires were kindled in a lovely valley. The negroes fell to dreſſing their ſnake with great glee, and feaſted heartily on its ſlices and rice cake; while I preferred ſome dried ſhip beef, which from prejudice I choſe rather than their high-flavoured, luxurious banquet.

Free from the anxieties of the previous night, and fatigued by the labour and exertions of the day, I lay down in the midſt of them, and ſlept undiſturbed by noiſe or care till the break of day, when I awoke refreſhed and cheerful.

The advantage and ſecurity derived from our innocent and voluntary fellow-travellers, rendered it painful to me to part with them; I ſignified my wiſh that they would accompany us farther; they expreſſed ſome reluctance, but the promiſe of a few trinkets which I ſhewed them prevailed, and theſe children of nature agreed to accompany us further on our journey, to the foot of certain mountains which they called *Kailoo*.

After bathing, a rule which I reſolved to purſue every day when the contiguity of water afforded me an opportunity, and which I purſued thenceforward, we breakfaſted on our uſual ſimple fare, and ſet forward.

After a journey direct E. of about fifteen miles, over a beautiful champaign country, we made the banks of the river *Dundy*, running from the N. E. which being too rapid and deep to ford, we were obliged to bend our courſe four miles along the bank; but the heat of the day growing irkſome, we took to the covert, and reſolved to conſtruct a raft; we procured timber, and having ſecured them by ropes of withy and vine, we croſſed a convenient bending, and ſet ourſelves over by poles, aſſiſted with great addreſs by our fellow travellers, with whom we were now become completely familiar.

This river diſplayed an abundance of various fiſh, of which our negroes caught ſeveral with peculiar ingenuity for our evening's repaſt; and after a march of four hours, we gained a riſing ground, on the ſide of which we determined to ſpend the night.

The ſurrounding country in the neighbourhood of this river is truly luxuriant; the ſoil is ſoft and loamy, producing a variety of elegant flowering ſhrubs, and fruit trees; among which are the wild orange and limes, with tufts of the rich *bannana* and pine apple. We provided ourſelves with as much as we could carry of theſe rich ſtores, underſtanding that our next day's route would be more irkſome and fatiguing.

We roſe early, and as uſual comfortably refreſhed; my health was never better than I had hitherto experienced it in this expedition, and I ſeemed to feel an agility of mind and body that was ſuperior both to danger and fatigue.

The accuſtomed formalities of the broiled and roaſted, with the morning deſſert and the ſimple beverage, being diſpatched, we ſet forward, with a party of our friendly Africans in front.—We had aſcended a ſloping ground, and wiſhed to reach, by a leſs circuitous route, the elevated country which our little party in advance had gained, when we ſaw and heard them ſhouting for us to haſten, as we underſtood it. We found much difficulty to form a new path, but at length ſucceeded, and were exceedingly alarmed to find a youth of about ſeventeen bewailing loudly: his father, a robuſt, middle aged, cheerful man, had been bitten by a large ſnake, which they called the

HOOPEL

HOOPEL KOPPEL; the animal's head had been cut off by the boy, and the body lay writhing at his feet, while he vented his complaints and the bitterneſs of his reſentments, in language that I could not comprehend otherwiſe than by the vehemence of his actions, and by his emphaſis. Hurdee acquainted me with the particulars of the honeſt boy's imprecations; and I haſtened to the old man, whom I found in the moſt tranquil manner applying medicine to the wound, which was on the exterior of his left thigh. The antidote to this moſt poiſonous of ſnakes is a ſimple root, which the Africans always carry about them; they chew it to the conſiſtence of a ſoft pulp, and apply it like a poultice to the wound; removing it continually as the poiſon diſcolours the application, until the chewed root remains of its original colour, when they finiſh the operation by waſhing the part affected in clean water, and applying a large portion of the root, which they faſten with a bandage over the wound, where it remains till the cure is effected. We neceſſarily halted till the proceſs was completed, and as it was tedious, were conſtrained to prepare for dreſſing our mid-day meal earlier than uſual.

The animal that had been thus the cauſe of our delay, meaſured nine feet without the head, which was flat and ſomewhat reſembling the forepart of the *Sole Fiſh*, or black flounder; the tongue forked; the body thick; the back of a dirty yellow and brown, very like the rattleſnake. The bite is not always curable, to which cauſe muſt be attributed the grief of the boy; his father, however, appeared no wiſe diſconcerted, and we had the pleaſure to ſee the medicine come from the wound without the leaſt appearance of poiſon, after about three hours application.—The attention of theſe innocent people to their wounded brother, their activity and kindneſs in procuring the antidote and encouraging him not to fear, was extremely impreſſive, and ſuch as is not always to be ſeen among more poliſhed people.

I examined the head of this ſnake, and the Africans pointed to me the cavities in which he conceals his venom of death. It is contained in a ſack, at the roots of the two teeth anſwering to the canine teeth; the upper and lower jaws are likewiſe armed with each a ſmaller row of teeth, uſed, as I ſuppoſe, for maſtication only. The Africans deſcribe the effects of this poiſon as extremely ſudden and dreadful, if the antidote is not immediately at hand: in this caſe, the body is ſaid to ſwell to an uncommon bulk, with excruciating torture: the ſwelling continues till the body burſts, when death follows and cloſes the ſcene.

We had a difficult journey for the next day; it was therefore agreed to gain the eaſtern ſide of the hill, or rather mountain, upon which we now were; and having ſet out about three o'clock, we reached the ſummit by an eaſy march, through a broken and unequal piece of ground; and at about ſeven o'clock, being much fatigued, we reached an agreeable ſituation, where we propoſed to reſt for the night.

The cuſtomary preparations of collecting wood for fire, and arranging our rations of food, were ſcarcely made, when one of the Africans ſignified with ſome alarm that he ſaw a fire at ſome diſtance. I had ſeen a ſmall blaze myſelf, a few minutes before; but felt no ſenſe of alarm at it, more than I ſhould at any other ordinary occurrence, from being

being unacquainted with the danger. The diſtance might be about three leagues, and it was on a mountain from which we were ſeparated by a deep and gloomy valley; I found that Hurdee as well as my other companions were extremely uneaſy, and ſignified that it would be preferable to remove to a ſituation, where we ſhould be covered from the danger of our fire's being ſeen at a diſtance. We accordingly bent our courſe to the ſouthward round the contiguous hill; and after a march of about a mile and a half, found a convenient ſhelter under a lofty cliff of rocks, where we contrived to dreſs ſome veniſon, caught the preceding day by one of our Africans, in a ſnare that he had ſet for the purpoſe. We paſſed the night to a later hour than uſual, in converſation with our companions, who were to part with us, on their return, in the morning. We ſlept till the uſual hour the next morning without alarm. The diſtance from the water we found to be a very ſevere inconvenience; ſo we haſtened our dry repaſt, and having diſtributed, as I propoſed, a variety of trinkets among our good natured friends, we ſaw the old man and his ſon depart in perfect health and ſpirits, and with ſome evidences of regret at our ſeparation, a ſentiment which came home to my boſom with new and redoubled ſenſibility.

It was in vain to repine, and reſolution to perſevere, and fortitude to bear, were now the only feelings that could be of uſe to us. I determined to brave every apprehenſion—and in a critical time, for we were now on the confines of a nation, of whoſe pacific diſpoſition my guide ſuggeſted ſome fears; a matter the more alarming to me, as it was not his uſual character hitherto to betray ſymptoms of alarm.

We purſued our journey, keeping the deepeſt covert of the woods, occaſionally aſcending every prominent ground that could afford a proſpect of the country before us. This day for the firſt time I ſaw a panther; he was diſcovered by Hurdee; he came frequently in ſight, but hung down his head and retired into ſome neighbouring thicket whenever we turned round to look at him. My guide, ſimply enough, ſaid the beaſt was terrified at ſeeing a white man, and to this cauſe it was he attributed his retiring, when I turned round. Such, however, was the fact; for when I kept advancing, and Hurdee remained a few paces behind, the animal ſeemed to redouble his pace forward till I turned round, and he then retreated with equal precipitation.

My companion ſuggeſted a fear that he might climb a tree and ſpring upon us, as he ſaid it was a common practice with thoſe animals; and being obliged ſtill to travel through the woods to avoid diſcovery by the natives, it was no leſs dangerous for us to fire our guns. Hurdee feared capture, as he ſaid he ſhould certainly be deſtroyed, if taken, and that I ſhould be kept at leaſt a conſiderable time a captive, perhaps till ranſomed.—Night approaching with this choice of difficulties, we reſolved to retire into a thick receſs, and there keep large fires burning all night; to ſleep and watch by turns.

(To be continued.)

COMMON

COMMON SENSE IN DISHABILLE. No. XLIII.

" I am no hypocrite,"

SAID Ned Daſh, as he was rebuked by a ſober moraliſt, after entertaining his companions half an hour with the hiſtory of his late amours. You, Maſter Daſh, are not the only perſon, who would make decorum hypocriſy, and hypocriſy a vice.

Both the thoughtleſs beau, and the would-be philoſopher, to avoid the imputation of hypocritical profeſſions, diſclaim their belief in the oracles of truth, and rather than impoſe on mankind with the cloak of virtue, will ſend their vices naked into the world.

So far has this undiſguiſed frankneſs become prevalent, among what the laſt age called licentious, the preſent, liberal, people, that the open avowal of one's diſgrace is, with many, a ſufficient ſalvo for his crimes; and a man's confeſſion that he is a villain, in the courts of free-thinkers, is given and received as plenary proof of his honeſty.

Leaving others to celebrate the praiſes of this new-fangled, upſtart liberality, I ſhall attempt to ſay a few things in favour of its vanquiſhed opponent, Hypocriſy. Though in this attempt I may prove unſucceſsful, as I ſhall be obliged to beat againſt the tide of prejudice, yet I ſhall diſcharge a duty, that humanity owes to an injured exile, which popular clamour has inconſiderately turned out of office, and expelled the community.

There is, indeed, one ſpecies of Hypocriſy, that never ought to be tolerated, that which conceals a traitor, and is aſſumed for the purpoſe of injuring another. Far otherwiſe with that kind, which has no other object than to make the poſſeſſor appear better than he is. Where is the harm of this? I ſee none. On the contrary, much good reſulting from it. We applaud the painter for caſting the defects of his original in the ſhade; and none but thoſe who prefer uglineſs to beauty, will cenſure a perſon for calling in the aid of art, to conceal the deformities of nature, and to add charms, where her parſimony has denied them.

Few people are ſo depraved, as not to admire the beauties of the mind; and it is, at leaſt, of as much conſequence to hide its defects, and ſet off its graces to advantage, as thoſe of the body.

Hypocriſy, in the ſubordinate part of its duty, what is called politeneſs in manners, has the ſame end that it has in morality and religion, the happineſs of mankind, in the reſtraint of vice and profanity.

If a man have a heavy heart, Hypocriſy, or, if you pleaſe, politeneſs, dictates to him to aſſume the appearance of cheerfulneſs; if a moroſe diſpoſition, to counterfeit good humour. Though this affectation may not ſet upon him with a perfect good grace, yet if he is condemned, it is not becauſe he practiſes this innocent diſſimulation, but becauſe he has not carried it to greater perfection.

Moſt people had rather witneſs an artificial ſmile, than an unaffected grin—an affected laugh, than a natural groan: and for the ſame reaſon that we prefer a varniſhed or gilt button to the unpoliſhed ſurface of baſer metal. Hypocriſy, like the goldſmith, lends her aid to poliſh and beautify the ſurface. We ought to commend the art, while we regret

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that there is occaſion for its uſe. Hypocriſy deſerves our praiſe for what little ſhe does: we can only cenſure nature for leaving ſo much undone.

In our moral duties, or rather the breaches of them, the office of Hypocriſy is more neceſſary and important.—Do not underſtand me, Reverend Sirs, that we ought to be contented with the appearance inſtead of the reality; but where we cannot have the latter, let us ſtrive for the former. For the ſame reaſon that we prize good above evil, ought we not to value the appearance of good above the appearance of evil? I ſpeak the language of man to man, and appreciate the utility of Hypocriſy, only as it conduces to the happineſs and good order of ſociety.

What we are, is a queſtion between us and HIM who cannot be deceived or benefited by falſe appearances. *What we appear to be*, is the queſtion between us and our fellow-creatures, with whom appearances have often the effect of reality.

Though prompted by a bad inclination, we ſeldom ſin without the authority of example. Evil examples are contagious. The more of them we find among our companions, the more we are in danger of imbibing the contagion. Here Hypocriſy, if allowed, would act the part of charity, and not only hide, but prevent, a "multitude of ſins." While we poſſeſs an inclination to tranſgreſs, ſhe takes away half the inducement, by hiding the examples of others. Like a faithful inſpector of police, ſhe carefully conceals from the eye of the world the filth ſhe cannot remove, in that worſt of nuiſances, a corrupt heart; and by ſealing the mouth, the outlet to contagion, from a depraved mind, and burying in oblivion the obnoxious deeds that flow from it, cuts off the principal ſource of communicative vice.

Is it for this that Hypocriſy is cried down as old faſhioned and uſeleſs, in the preſent liberal age? If ſo, it is not that it is criminal, but becauſe it prevents us from being ſo. While the ſubſtance of morality and religion, as ſome aſſert, "ſleeps with our fathers," though we may not be able to recal it to life, we ought to reverence the ſhade of our departed friend, and hang up its picture for the ſolace and contemplation of our friends, our children, and ourſelves.

HISTORICAL SKETCH

From a Note in the Rev. Mr. Pariſh's Eulogy on Gen. Waſhington.

GENERAL Putnam commanded in the celebrated action of Bunker or Breed's Hill. It is a ſingular circumſtance that this ſhould not be more generally known.——Putnam was the commanding officer of the party, who went upon the hill the evening before the action: he commanded in the action: he harangued his men as the Britiſh firſt advanced, charged them to reſerve their fire, till they were near, '*till they could ſee the white of their eyes*,' were his words. At the ſecond aſſault he commended their former calmneſs, aſſured them "they would now do much better," and directed them "to aim at the officers." They obeyed. The fire was tremendous. '*My God*,' ſaid Putnam in telling the ſtory, '*I never ſaw ſuch a carnage of the human race*.'

Theſe things he related to the Rev. Mr. Whitney, his miniſter, by whoſe

whoſe permiſſion they are now publiſhed. In a note of his ſermon, occaſioned by the death of the General, he ſays, "The detachment at firſt was put under the command of Gen. Putnam; with it he took poſſeſſion of the hill, and ordered the battle from beginning to the end. Gen. Warren arrived alone on the hill, and as a *Volunteer* joined the Americans juſt as the action commenced. Theſe *facts* Gen. Putnam himſelf gave me ſoon after the battle, and *repeated* them after his life was printed. The General, who encouraged and animated his ſoldiers, by his words and example, to prodigies of bravery, is highly to be honoured, and the praiſe not given to *another*, however meritorious in other reſpects. Other evidence, to confirm what I have here ſaid, I am able to produce, if any ſhould call for it."

Mr. Whitney has a letter written him by an officer, who was in the action, aſſerting that Putnam was Commander. While writing this note, an officer of rank, who was wounded in the battle, who ſaw Warren fall, tells me I may "be aſſured, Gen. Putnam was the officer who led the party to the hill, who marked the ground to be fortified, and commanded in the action."

THE TRIUMPH OF TALENTS

OVER INDIGENCE AND MISFORTUNE.

Exemplified in the Character of the late Mr. JOHN HOWARD.

THE life of John Howard was not much marked with incident. He was born in the city of Carliſle, of obſcure parents, whoſe wants the early years of his life were devoted to ſupply. It could not be ſuppoſed that from his habits of life, his companions, or his occupations, he could receive any incitement to knowledge; for,

> "Unfriended, deſolate, and young,
> Misfortune o'er his cradle hung."

But, however unpropitious his circumſtances had hitherto been, at an early age he began to diſplay ſome of thoſe qualities which mark the man of genius. The period of his youth, though devoted to the arduous taſk of ſelf-education, was at the ſame time ſullied by many of the exceſſes of youthful intemperance. Though wedded to ſcience, and charmed by the beauties that ſhe opened to his mind, he diſplayed an early propenſity for vice, and continued through life the ſlave to uncontrolled and libidinous paſſion. Perhaps we might plead in excuſe, that he was formed with a ſenſibility peculiarly fine, and paſſions eaſily excited; and, being of a gay, ſocial diſpoſition, he could not, after he had emerged from the overwhelming obſcurity which clouded his young years, collect ſufficient ſtrength of mind to combat the temptations which accident threw in his way; but, like the unhappy and ill-fated Burns, ſullied the gifts of his Creator by intemperance and debauchery; and, at length, fell a ſacrifice to unlimited indulgence.

Mr. Howard's parents being too poor to put him to ſchool, the taſk of inſtruction devolved upon himſelf; and ſo ardent was he in the purſuit of knowledge, that the progreſs he made

made through the common paths of learning, to the moſt abſtruſe and ſcientific parts of mathematics, was truly amazing. As Mr. Howard advanced in life, his proficiency in the mathematics made him generally eſteemed and admired. He now threw off the mechanical profeſſion to which he had been apprenticed, and commenced ſchoolmaſter in a little village near Carliſle. As he advanced, he increaſed his reputation, and eſtabliſhed himſelf in that city, where his aſſiduity, his abilities, and his love of learning, made him univerſally reſpected. In this ſituation, his talents attracted the notice of Dr. Law, Biſhop of Elphin, then a Prebendary of Carliſle. By him he was taken to Ireland, where he reſided during four years. He afterwards returned to Carliſle in the year 1785, and commenced ſchoolmaſter a ſecond time.

When reſident there, he enjoyed an extenſive acquaintance, and was generally reſpected for his abilities as a ſchoolmaſter, in which capacity his loſs will be long regretted, as the pupils who ſtudied under him have manifeſted a proficiency in mathematical ſtudies, and a love of elegant literature, that reflect the higheſt honor on their maſter. From him they imbibed that love of letters, and reliſh for ſcience, which are at all times the moſt laudable purſuits of human life. Nor were his profeſſional talents his only qualification: after his avocations were finiſhed, he was generally a welcome gueſt in thoſe evening circles of relaxation,

> Thoſe calm retreats, where, temperately gay,
> So oft have fled the evening hours away;
> Where unambitious minds, congenial, ſteer
> From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere;

where each, unbending from care, is diſpoſed to reliſh the hearty laugh and the harmleſs joke—to which he contributed an ample ſhare. His wit was genuine and poignant, and he was fortunate in the occaſional ſallies he made, which were generally innocent, and tended much to exhilarate the jocund circles that ſurrounded him.

He continued at Carliſle till the year 1794, when he removed to Newcaſtle, where his abilities were amply noticed. There he remained till his conſtitution began to ſhew the effects of long continued habits of intemperance; and he probably, too late, ſaw the fallacy and the wickedneſs of a criminal attachment to pleaſure. In 1798, he publiſhed "A Treatiſe on Spherical Geometry;" a work which evinces the ſtrength of his mind and knowledge in mathematics, and which has obtained the approbation of the learned. Finding his health rapidly declining, he gave up his ſchool in Newcaſtle, and retired to a little village in the neighbourhood, called the Leaſes, where, amid the ſilence of ſolitude, his latter end would be embittered by thoſe goading reflections which inevitably ariſe (and, to a mind of ſenſibility, with double force) on the review of a life where talents have been miſapplied and faculties perverted. At this place he cloſed his life, in the forty-ſixth year of his age, on Tueſday, March 26.

It is not in the power of the writer of this article, to do juſtice to the abilities or the ſocial qualities of Mr. Howard. Nature had bleſſed him with a ſtrong and maſculine underſtanding, a mind of ſingular energy, capacity, and vigour, and a memory that was qualified to preſerve whatever was valuable in the writings of others. Though he had ſo long devoted himſelf to abſtract mathematical ſtudies, his imagination remained lively and vivid, and his

his heart overflowed with a keen and ardent ſenſibility. To talents of the firſt order he joined a perſevering and ſteady induſtry, till ſeduced by the ſyren of diſſipation. This he evinced by the enviable proficiency he made in mathematics, which, together with his knowledge in the other branches of ſcience, was achieved "without the aſſiſtance of the learned," or "the ſmiles of the opulent."—To the cool and logical niceties of the mathematician, he united their oppoſite qualities, the fire and enthuſiaſm of the poet. The productions of his muſe, if not characterized by any extraordinary energy, or lofty flights of imagination, poſſeſs ſingular traits of pathos, nature and ſimplicity. They were generally the prompt ebullitions of firſt impreſſions, and produced upon temporary ſubjects. Some of theſe, which were ſongs, he ſang himſelf with great humour.

To theſe talents were joined ſocial qualities of the firſt eminence—a brilliant and ready wit, that found in every object and circumſtance of life ſubject for mirth and gaiety. While impartial biography muſt condemn thoſe intemperate orgies which are ſo diſgraceful to men, we muſt acknowledge that the mirth, good-humour, and facetiouſneſs, which were ſo alive in Howard, have often charmed and delighted us; and it is with a ſincere affection we pay this feeble tribute to his memory. Knowing well the depth of his mind, and extent of his talents, we regret the more that he was ever allured from the paths of ſcience, in which, if he had perſevered with the ſame ardour he ſhewed in the outſet of his life, he in all probability would have been yet living, and would in time, it is fondly wiſhed, have realized the hope of his early friends and contemporaries, in making himſelf an ornament to his ſpecies and his country.

N. B. The reader will notice, that the character here deſcribed is not the celebrated philanthropic traveller, Mr. John Howard.

MEMOIRS OF CONDORCET.

CONDORCET appertained to the nobility by birth; to the people from ſentiment: although a *Marquis*, he ſcorned not to conſider himſelf as a citizen. He was a philoſopher alſo.

The friend and diſciple of Voltaire, like him too he was the correſpondent of Frederic of Pruſſia. Neither his title, his fortune, his ſituation at the academy, of which he had been declared "Perpetual Secretary," nor his private friendſhips, could prevent him from ſacrificing every other conſideration to his principles. Such was the eſteem in which he was held, that before the flight to Varennes, the eyes of all France were fixed on him, as the perſon beſt calculated for the office of tutor to the Prince Royal; but his love of liberty was ſo offenſive in the eyes of royalty, that another perſon was ſurreptitiouſly appointed by the king and queen, in order to prevent his nomination.

After thirty years of ſtudy and meditation, conſecrated to the ſciences and his native country, or rather to all Europe; after labouring four whole years excluſively for the revolution and liberty, this great man,

man, proſcribed under the *tyranny* of Robeſpierre, was forced to wander about from place to place; to ſhelter himſelf in woods and caverns; and, at length, to have recourſe to poiſon, in order to put an end to his calamities.

Without books, without friends, frequently without even food, inſtead of uttering complaints, and venting execrations againſt his unjuſt country, or rather the bloody and victorious faction that then governed it, his whole mind was bent on a project beneficial to humanity. This is developed in his work, entitled, "*Eſquiſſe d'un Tableau Hiſtorique des progrès de l'Eſprit Humain;*" in which, conſidering man under three diſtinct points of view, he inquires, What he has been? What he is? and, What he may be?

It is impoſſible to contemplate

"A brave man, ſtruggling 'midſt the ſtorms of fate,
And greatly falling"------

without recollecting the paſſage of the Roman Moraliſt:

"*Ecce par Deo dignum, vir fortis cum malâ fortunâ compoſitus! Non video, inquam, quid habeat in terris Jupiter pulchrius, ſi convertere animum velit, quàm ut ſpectet Catonem, jam partibus non ſemel fractis, nihilominus inter ruinas publicas erectum.*"

SENECA DE DIVIN. *Prov.*

In a work written by an Emigrant* on the French revolution, Condorcet is falſely charged with the murder of his friend, benefactor, and political creator, the Duke de la Rochefoucauld. Yet the Count himſelf afterwards admits, that *perhaps* he was not privy to the deſigns againſt that nobleman.

Now it is notorious, that the death of the Duke was connected with the September maſſacre; and cannot, of courſe, be fairly charged, directly or indirectly, upon any of the Girondiſt party, the leaders of which virtuouſly ſacrificed their own lives, in the attempt to bring the inſtigators of that horrible affair to puniſhment.

On the *proſcription* of Condorcet, he was concealed for ſome time by one of the Miniſters of State. A lady afterwards became his protectreſs; and he was preſerved, by her care, until the latter end of April, 1794. As a renewal of the *domiciliary viſits* was threatened at that period, he determined to riſk his own life, rather than hazard the ſecurity of his benefactreſs. He was accordingly *ſhaved*, for the firſt time during ſome months; and, in the diſguiſe of an old woman, paſſed without ſuſpicion through the barriers of Paris, and arrived in ſafety at the houſe of an abſent friend, where he expected a hearty welcome.

After wandering about the country during the night, and hiding himſelf in woods or quarries during the day, he was at length forced by hunger to repair to an inn at *Bourge-la-Reine*, where he was ſeized by one of the harpies of the Revolutionary Tribunal.

His affection for his wife and daughter had hitherto prevented him from committing ſuicide; but he now had recourſe to the poiſon provided for him by the Miniſter Garat, and died after the old Roman manner.

* Count Tilly.

THE CURATE OF ELMWOOD. [*Continued from p.* 266.]

SIR John was not that night at home, and they informed her that ſhe muſt be impriſoned till morning. *Impriſoned!* She ſhrieked at the very ſound.—"Pſhaw! (ſaid one of them, ſeeing her confuſion) you need not

not be terrified, I aſſure you, Ma'am: we are not going to a common priſon—I have a pretty little ſnug houſe, and as cloſe as a cage, where you may ſleep as ſoundly as in your own bed-chamber. No difference in the world, I aſſure you, Ma'am—only that every door and window in the houſe is incloſed with iron bars.—That's all, I aſſure you, Ma'am, and notwithſtanding theſe advantages, it will only coſt you a *guinea* for your bed—not a farthing more, I aſſure you, Ma'am---I keeps the beſt uſage, the beſt *tendance*, and the beſt wines in the *Garden*."

Eloquent and agreeable as this language certainly was, it did not gladden the heart of Julia. But there was no choice in the caſe, and ſhe followed her guides---Arrived, they led her into an upper apartment, where there was a fire and good furniture---She was left alone for ten minutes; at the end of which the landlord waited upon her, and aſked what ſhe choſe for ſupper. "Nothing."---What did ſhe chooſe to drink then? "Nothing."---"Oh, oh, (replied he) an' if ſo be that you are ſo *ruſty*, good night to you, with all my heart." He then turned upon his heels; and pulling the door after him with fury, locked it with a key, which grated as it turned, amidſt the rattling of chains and the clanking of iron bars.

Dreadful ſounds to the ear of Julia---Her teeth grated, and her joints trembled----This was the ſevereſt ſtroke of all. To be impriſoned! and as an accomplice of a highwayman too? But ſhe ſubmitted to Heaven.

At length the ſoul, by its powerful and violent plunging, overcame the body---Wearied with affliction, her ſpirits languiſhed, and nature ſunk into ſlumber. Sleep of this kind, though not always the moſt placid, is the heavieſt---She ſlept till eight in the morning; when ſhe aroſe---At nine they paid her a viſit, and ſhe ate ſome breakfaſt; and at ten ſhe was carried, with a beating heart, in a coach to Bow Street.

Here ſhe did not wait long for the appearance of the juſtice, for every thing was prepared; even the unhappy highwayman was in waiting, as neceſſary to the examination. Indeed, it was thought moſt proper to begin queſtioning him apart upon the ſubject, and then with examining Julia; and by the compariſon of their reſpective evidences, the truth might be eaſily diſcovered.

When the highwayman had been examined upon his own account, an obſtinacy, natufal to men in his deſperate ſituation, prevented him from giving any account of the purſe which was miſſing. But now, when he was informed that Julia was really in cuſtody, that honour which was not yet entirely extinguiſhed in his heart, was rouſed for her ſafety---He ingenuouſly told Sir John the hiſtory of the purſe, with even its moſt minute circumſtances; that he had robbed her among the reſt; that he afterwards met her accidentally in the bagnio, and gave her the money only with a view of reſtoring her own; that he had not been above ten minutes in her company, and that ſhe was in every reſpect innocent of the crime with which ſhe was charged.

Julia was next examined, and her evidence moſt exactly ſquared with the former. Ingenuous as uſual, ſhe took up the ſtory at Elmwood, and carried it forward to the event of the purſe; and ſhe told her little tale with that truth and ſimplicity which can never be counterfeited. She added that there was *ſomewhere* in

town

town a perſon who could confirm her words beyond ſuſpicion! but alas! poor Joe! ſhe knew not where to find him. "Joe-! (ſaid one of the juſtice's men, who ſtood behind Julia)---what, is your name Julia, Madam!"---"Yes," (replied Julia) ---The man immediately ran out, and brought back in his hand the *Daily Advertiſer*, in which he read the following advertiſement;

"*If a ſarten young lady, Miſs Jullia, (whoſe name is nothing to nobody, and which I doan't mention here, becaiſe I doan't think it proper)---ſees this, this is to let you kno, Miſs Jullia, Joe duſn't kno where you be, and that you duſn't kno where Joe is, for he is to be found at the ſine of the Swain with two Necks in Lad Lane, and no where elſe, as witneſs my hand, by me,*

JOE ******,"

This very extraordinary advertiſement is copied *verbatim et literatim* from the real paper, which I have now in my poſſeſſion---Julia liſtened to it with attention, and confeſſed her feelings in her eyes, which gliſtened with expectation. Not contented with aural information, ſhe ſnatched the paper, and devoured the precious morſel with her own eyes. In ſhort, the ſimplicity of the thing ſpoke for itſelf, and Joe it was moſt undoubtedly.

But it may be neceſſary to explain this affair. I again ſummon the memory of my readers back to that time of our hiſtory when Joe and Julia unluckily parted in Holborn---Joe did not look for her till the coach ſtopped in the inn-yard, and then he waited at the door of it for her appearance. He thought her long in coming, but his patience was not exhauſted. The reſt of the company had been out of the coach ſome minutes. At length he ventured to thruſt in his head---but ſhe was not there! He ſtarted back on his heel, and gazed wildly round the yard, but in vain. Oppoſite to him he ſaw the door of a public room open, and he ruſhed in without ceremony: From thence he ſallied into the kitchen, ſtrode into the parlour, threw his eye into the bar, and peeped into the larder. He marched into the ſtables, and in ſhort, every place where he ſaw a door open to receive him---but all would not do: She was not to be found. He returned to the coach, took one peep more into it, but all was ſolitary! "God bleſs my heart (ſaid Joe to himſelf, fidgetting and ſcratching among his auburn hair) protect and ſave me from all temptations and evil ſpirits! I wiſh I could ſee Miſs Julia again." Now, at laſt, he bethought himſelf of what he ought to have done at firſt, viz. to queſtion the coachman concerning the affair, and the coachman informed him of the whole truth. This information in no degree abated his anxiety.---"Didn't ſhe leave no word with you for me?" (ſaid he to the coachman.) "No." "Don't you know where ſhe went?" "No?"—"Don't you think ſhe'll come here this night?"—"I can't tell you, upon my word."—Joe, with downcaſt looks and folded arms, meaſured the ſpace acroſs the yard with long and melancholy ſtrides. He walked into the paſſage of the houſe, and marked the clock--He counted the hours as they rolled, ſlow and heavy, but he ſaw not his miſtreſs---It was now ten o'clock, but no Julia came.

They are not the ſevereſt, but they are the moſt anxious moments the mind knows, when the poſſeſſor of it, ſimple, timid, and honeſt, feels himſelf far from home, and forſaken, in

in the midſt of ſtrangers---Theſe moments Joe now felt in all their bitterneſs---He went to bed without hope, and he aroſe in the morning with deſpair---He grieved inceſſantly, and he wiſhed for the boſom of a friend to receive his ſorrows---At length he diſcloſed his mind to the hoſtler, and the hoſtler gave him his advice---It was this: *To advertiſe*---"Every body (he ſaid) did it, upon every ſubject. Always, when he loſt a *horſe*, he advertiſed for it; and why might not Joe do the ſame now for Julia?---It would certainly lay open the whole affair, for advertiſements could do any thing."

At this time Joe ſtood too greatly in need of comfort not to take any advice that was offered to him.---But he thought this advice excellent. He accordingly wrote, with great care, the advertiſement we have already repeated, and the hoſtler ſent one of his boys with him to the *Daily Advertiſer*. And this is the hiſtory of this extraordinary advertiſement.

When the juſtice found ſo many circumſtances ſpontaneouſly conſpiring to vindicate her innocence---that her amiable ſimplicity ſubjected her to ſo many dangers, and that ſhe was the object rather of a polite humanity than of perſecution, he reſolved to intereſt himſelf in her ſafety—and, in the firſt place, he ordered one of his men to go and conduct Joe to his Miſtreſs---As to the fat woman, the Magiſtrate told her that her money ſhould be taken care of; and the highwayman was remanded to priſon.

Joe arrived---Suffice it to ſay, that Julia preſſed him warmly by the hand, and half cried with joy; and Joe took faſt hold of the ſkirt of her robe, as if he dreaded her running away from him once more.

The friends thus met, the juſtice politely aſked Julia how he could moſt effectually ſerve her? She replied, that her only buſineſs in town was to deliver letters to Lord C---, and that if he would favour her with a guide thither, ſhe would always remember him with the moſt unfeigned gratitude---This ſhe obtained; and, once more acknowledging her obligations to the juſtice, they all ſet off for Berkley-ſquare.

Here they ſoon arrived, the guide leaving them at the door.---Joe immediately took off his hat, for he thought it high treaſon to be covered within ſix yards of a *Lord*'s door ---They knocked, but were told by the porter his Lordſhip was not at home---Julia ſaid ſhe was ſorry for that, becauſe ſhe had *letters of importance* for him. "I can't help that, (anſwered the porter) he's not at home; and he'll not be home---I don't know when he'll be home." "But could not you gueſs, Sir?---becauſe a *great deal depends upon it.*" "Lord, Ma'am! (replied the liveried Cerberus) I tell you I know nothing about it."---Sounds ſo ungentle, uttered by ſo rude a voice, frightened Julia effectually, and ſhe haſtened away from the door; and Joe, ſorrowful enough, was preparing to follow---when the porter beckoned him back with a *hem!* and the motion of his finger. "Pray, my lad, (ſaid this dog in office) who is that?"

"My miſtreſs" (anſwered Joe.)

"Aye—From the country, I ſuppoſe."

"Yes (replied Joe): I come from the country too."

"O---ſo I ſee---ſo I ſee.---You are not acquainted, I find, with the *ways* in this town?"

"No, Sir, (ſaid Joe)---not with *all* of them.

"Why,

"Why, then----(come hither---your ear a moment) I have the honour to be Lord C——'s porter; and my maſter has ordered me---that is, I and my maſter have agreed ---to receive no letters here, unleſs the bearer gives me a crown.---However, as you and your miſtreſs are ſtrangers, and I am a man of honour, I'll be more merciful to you, and ſo conſent to take only half-a-crown---But mum---ſly---not a word for your life---for if my maſter was to hear I *take ſo little*, he'd turn me out of my place."

"Sure I am, Maſter, (anſwered Joe) indeed we are both very much obliged to you for being ſo kind.---But then what can you do for us, if ſo be that my Lord a'n't at home?"

"Pſhaw, man! (ſaid the porter) run after your miſtreſs and bring the money, and I'll ſatisfy you about that."

"O---an' that be all (replied Joe) I can pay the money myſelf."

He drew out his laſt half-crown, and gave it. He then ran after Julia, and as he went he murmured to himſelf---"Icod though, wern't that a *Lord*'s houſe, it looks hugely like bribery and corruption."

Our travellers now returned, and were received by the porter with a more gracious complaiſance. He now informed them, that, though his Lordſhip was out of town, he was only at his villa, and would certainly return to town to dinner; but that if they were in a hurry, the young Lord was at home, and that he had leave to open his father's letters in his abſence. Julia delivered her pacquet to the porter, and they were ordered to walk into the antichamber. The letters were ſent up to the noble youth in his dreſſing-room.

Now in order to prepare my readers for a very important era in the life of my heroine, it may be neceſſary to relate what this noble youth was---A fooliſh grandmother had left him three thouſand a year, independent of his father and of his age; all which, with three thouſand more, he gallantly ſpent like a man of ſpirit, long before the year was expired. ---He aſſerted, that every kingdom in Europe contributed to furniſh his ſeraglio: he only meant by this, that he kept in pay one French, one Spaniſh, one Italian, one Scandinavian, one German, one Iriſh, and one Britiſh nymph, all at one time; which he actually did. He was deep in the myſteries of hazard, and knew Demoivre better than the decalogue.---He had killed five waiters, and ſhot two eccleſiaſtics.---He boaſted too, that he had killed fifteen women, by *breaking their hearts* with a hopeleſs paſſion. This, however, was (to uſe an old and honeſt Engliſh phraſe) a *lie;* for he never killed but one woman, and that was by *breaking*—not her *heart*, but her *neck*. Suffice it to ſay, that his manners were elegantly infamous.

Such was the youth to whom the letter of the father of Julia was carried. He opened it, and on reading the following paragraph,

"*I have preſumed, my Lord, to ſend my* daughter *as the bearer of this petition,*" &c.

On reading this, he rung his bell with great haſte, and inquired if the *bearer* was below? Being informed that ſhe was, he flew down the ſtairs, and, looking in Julia's face with the moſt polite courteſy, deſired her to walk up ſtairs while he conſidered the tenor of her letter. The ſervants were ordered at the ſame time to conduct Joe into the hall, and be civil to him. Julia aſcended after her noble patron.

Hic

Hic pauca deſunt. We muſt here paſs over the hiſtory of half an hour, becauſe it is not yet ripe for relation.

In the mean time Lord C——'s Chaplain, who had been with his Lordſhip in the country, arrived at the houſe---He came home before his Lordſhip, to finiſh ſome buſineſs of importance to himſelf before dinner-time---When he entered, he obſerved Joe ſtaring about in the hall, and perceiving him to be a ſtranger from the country, entered into converſation with him---He had not many queſtions to aſk, for Joe, with his uſual frankneſs, told him the whole hiſtory---about himſelf, about Julia, and Julia's buſineſs, and where ſhe was now, and with whom. Now this Chaplain was plain in his manners, and equally plain in his dreſs---ſo plain that he ſcarcely appeared to be *of the cloth.* Though an enemy to bloodſhed, he was far from being a coward; though a churchman, he was no hypocrite; and though he would not ſubſcribe to the Thirty-nine Articles, he was allowed to be an exemplary man.

The Chaplain having finiſhed his interview with Joe, was retiring to his own apartment. He had not opened his door, when a loud ſhriek ſaluted his ear—then another—and another. A thouſand ideas ruſhed upon his mind. He knew Julia by report, and he knew his young lord by experience. There was no doubt of the buſineſs below—He haſtened down the ſtairs, and liſtened a moment at the key-hole; he could only perceive that ſome perſons were engaged in a violent ſtruggling, and that the chairs were knocked againſt each other. He tried to enter, but the door was locked. Placing his ſhoulder againſt it, therefore, he forced it forward with gentleneſs and with eaſe. He entered; and lo! innocence was once more in diſtreſs!

The hair of Julia was diſhevelled, and a hankerchief was drawn cloſe over her mouth, which prevented her cries. Her cloak and hankerchief lay upon the floor, and the arms of her raviſher were twined cloſely around her. A ſhoe had dropt from her foot, and many of the pins had quitted her boſom. Unfortunate girl! continually doomed to be the prey of cowards and ſcoundrels!

The noble youth quitted his hold when the Chaplain appeared, and, advancing to him, exclaimed, in a threatening tone, "How dare you, Sir, force your impertinence upon *me* in my own dreſſing-room?"

"My lord (returned the young man, putting his left hand in his boſom, and giving him a full but indifferent look)---My lord, does it ſuit your high ſpirit to be told, that you are the meaneſt---O by far the meaneſt creature in your father's houſe? Noble, without worth---and proud, without dignity---you are beneath the miſcreant who caters for your appetites. Poor, pitiful, wretched animal! I do not pull you by the noſe---I do not kick you on the breech---I do not laſh you round the room---I do not in any degree deign to chaſtiſe the wretch, who has ſtooped to inſult a beautiful, an unoffending woman. Go then, you boaſter! retire into your cloſet; bluſh in private; and remember that you have reduced yourſelf to be forced to hear theſe ſtinging truths, even from ſo humble a man as your father's Chaplain. I ſcorn, Sir, to tell your father that you are a ſcoundrel; but do not forget that for the future I conſider you as my inferior."

He finiſhed; and taking Julia by the hand, he led her out of the room, and drew the door behind him. The dignity of manhood is reſiſtleſs; the peerling reddened, and the paſtor triumphed.

(To be continued.)

LITERARY

THE LITERARY REVIEW. No. V.

THE CHILD'S LIBRARY. Part Firſt, and Second, by WILLIAM BIGLOW.

[*Salem, Joſhua Cuſhing*, 1800.]

WHILE the attention of our citizens is engaged, perhaps too much, in affairs beyond their duty or control, it may not be improper or uſeleſs to deſcend to the more tranquil ſcenes of our ſchools, on which depend, in great meaſure, the future deſtiny of our nation. The inſtructors of theſe are virtually the legiſlators of the riſing generation. The manner in which the minds of youth are moulded into manhood, and the books from which they receive the earlieſt impreſſions of ſentiment and ſcience, though they may ſeem trivial in their nature, are, in their conſequences, of the utmoſt importance, and claim the higheſt attention of the public.

Convinced that the laborers in theſe vineyards are not only "worthy their hire," but of the moſt liberal encouragement, we eſteem it a duty we owe to them and the community, to appreciate the merits of thoſe works which are calculated to form the morals and manners, and facilitate the acquirement of uſeful knowledge in our ſchools.

The author of the work before us, whoſe fugitive pieces of poetry and proſe have often delighted the amateur, has for ſome time paſt turned his attention from the pleaſing to the more uſeful walks of literature. Aided by ſeveral years experience in teaching, he has begun a number of volumes for the uſe of ſchools. So far as we are able to judge, from thoſe which have appeared, (part firſt and ſecond) we think the work does credit to the author, and promiſes much utility to the public.

In the Child's Library, the young pupil is led from eaſy and common words of one ſyllable, to ſhort and familiar ſentences, compoſed of monoſyllables. From theſe, he is gradually introduced to leſſons, containing words of two, three, and more ſyllables, and longer and more variegated ſentences. At the cloſe of the firſt part are added the numerals, and the principal ſtops, marks, and abbreviations, uſed in reading and writing.

The ſecond part conſiſts of leſſons for reading, in proſe and poetry, for the further exerciſe and inſtruction of thoſe, who are already verſed in the firſt elements of this uſeful art. In both, the progreſs from the firſt rudiments to the more difficult leſſons, is eaſy and natural. The ſtyle is ſimple and conſpicuous, and the precepts happily adapted to the capacity of youth, and well calculated to form them for uſeful and virtuous manhood.

While we applaud the judgment of the author in his ſelections and arrangement, we cannot withhold our approbation from the original parts, which we preſume were written by himſelf.

Perhaps the author may be accuſed of innovation for departing ſo far from the prevalent mode of teaching the orthography of our language. It is to be conſidered, however, that it is not long ſince the general uſe of ſpelling-books was an innovation in our ſchools.

It yet remains to be determined, which will moſt facilitate the progreſs of the pupil, the common method of confining a great portion of his time to a dry table of words, arranged in an arbitrary manner, without any natural connexion, and to him

him without meaning; or, that adopted in the Child's Library, where ſpelling and reading are taught at the ſame time, and the underſtanding is exerciſed with the memory.

The latter appears to us the moſt natural, and leſs irkſome to youth, and juſtly entitled to preference. This is a queſtion of conſiderable importance, as it reſpects the time and habits of the ſcholar. Much might be ſaid on both ſides. Unwilling to ſubſtitute our theories for experiment, we ſhall ſubmit the deciſion to thoſe who have practiſed both modes of inſtruction.

For the COLUMBIAN PHENIX.

AN ORIGINAL TALE.

PREVIOUS to the late war between this country and Great-Britain, a Britiſh officer, by the name of Jones, an amiable and accompliſhed young man, reſided near Fort Edward. His viſits thither became more frequent, when he found himſelf irreſiſtibly drawn by the charms of native worth and beauty. Miſs M'Kray, whoſe memory is dear to humanity and true affection, was the object of his peregrinations.

Mr. Jones had not taken the precautions neceſſary in hazardous love, but had manifeſted to the lady by his conſtant attention, undiſſembled and ingenuous demeanor, that ardent affection, which a ſuſceptible heart compelled her implicitly to return. In this mutual interchange of paſſions, they ſuffered themſelves to be tranſported on the ocean of imagination, till the unwelcome neceſſity of a ſeparation cut off every ſpringing hope.

The different nations, of which they were members, were at war. A removal, from this Elyſium, was ſuggeſted to Mr. Jones, as indiſpenſable.

Nothing could alleviate their mutual horror, but duty—nothing could allay their reciprocal grief, ſo as to render a ſeparate corporeal exiſtence tolerable, but ſolemn vows, with the idea of a future meeting. Mr. Jones repaired to Canada, where all intercourſe with the Provincials was inhibited. Deſpair, which preſented itſelf in aggravated colors when General Burgoyne's expedition through the States was fixed, ſucceeded to his former hopes. The Britiſh army being encamped about three miles from the Fort, a deſcent was daily projecting. Here Mr. Jones could not but recognize the ſpot, on which reſted all his joys. He figured to his mind the dread, which his hoſtile approach muſt raiſe in the breaſt of her, whom of all others, he thought it his higheſt intereſt to delight!

In ſpite of arrettes and commands to the contrary, he found means to ſecretly convey a letter, entreating her not to leave the town with her family, aſſuring her, that as ſoon as the fort ſhould have ſurrendered, he would convey her to an aſylum, where they might peaceably conſummate the nuptial ceremony. Far from diſcrediting the ſincerity of him who could not deceive her, ſhe heroically refuſed to follow the flying villagers. The remonſtrances of a father, or the tearful entreaties of a mother and numerous friends could not

not avail! It was enough that her Lover was her friend. She conſidered herſelf protected by the love and voluntary aſſeverations of her youthful hero. With the ſociety of a ſervant maid, ſhe impatiently waited the deſired conveyance. Mr. Jones, finding the difficulty into which he was brought, at length, for want of a better convoy, hired a party of twelve Indians, to carry a letter to Miſs M'Kray, with his own horſe, for the purpoſe of carrying her to the place appointed. They ſet off, fired with the anticipation of their promiſed premium, which was to conſiſt of a quantity of ſpirits, on condition that they brought her off in ſafety, which, to an Indian, was the moſt cogent ſtimulus the young Lover could have named. Having arrived in view of her window, they ſagaciouſly held up the letter, to prevent the fears and apprehenſions which a ſavage knows he muſt excite, in the ſight of tenderneſs and ſenſibility. Her faith and expectations enabled her to divine the meaning of theſe ferocious miſſionaries, while her frightened maid uttered nought but ſhrieks and cries. They arrived, and by their ſigns convinced her from whom they had their inſtructions.

If a doubt could remain, it was removed by the letter—it was from her Lover, *A lock of his hair*, which it contained, preſented his manly figure to her glowing fancy. This confirms a truth ſhe had too well underſtood.

Here, reader, gueſs what muſt have been her ecſtacy.—She reſolved to "brave every the moſt horrid aſpect, which might appear between her and him, whom ſhe conſidered already hers," without a ſigh. She did not a moment heſitate to follow the wiſhes of her Lover; and took journey with theſe bloody meſſengers, expecting very ſoon to be ſhielded in the arms of legitimate affection.

A ſhort diſtance only then ſeemed to ſeparate two of the happieſt of mortals. Alas! how ſoon are the moſt brilliant pictures of felicity defaced by the blurring hand of affliction and wo! How ſwiftly are the halcyon dreams, which lull the ſupine indolence of thought, ſucceeded by the real pangs which are inflicted by a puniſhing Providence, or a perſecuting foe!

Having riſen the hill, at about equal diſtances from the camp and her former home, a ſecond party of Indians, having heard of the captivating offer made by Mr. Jones, determined to avail themſelves of the opportunity. The reward was the great object. A claſhing of real and aſſumed rights was ſoon followed by a furious and bloody engagement, in which ſeveral were killed on each ſide. The commander of the firſt party, perceiving that nought but the *lady's death* could appeaſe the fury of either, deliberately knocked her from her horſe, mangling her ſcalp from her beautiful temples, which he exultingly bore as a trophy of his zeal to the expectant and anxious Lover! Here, O diſappointment, was "thy ſting." It was with the greateſt difficulty that Mr. Jones could be kept from total delirium. His horror and indignation could not be appeaſed; his remorſe for having riſked his moſt valuable treaſure in the hands of ſavages, drove him almoſt to madneſs.

When this reached General Burgoyne, he ordered the ſurvivors of both theſe parties to immediate execution; and all thoſe who would not ſubject themſelves to martial law, he remanded back to Canada.

THE

THE LAUGHER. No. II.

"A time to laugh, and a time to cry." WISDOM.

AGREED——'Tis wiſdom only can teach to cull the fortunate period. When paſſion bids us ſmile —when cuſtom gives challenge to our tears, 'tis ours, if neceſſary, to huſh the calls of both, diſpute the juriſdiction of either forum, and acquit ourſelves wiſely between the grates of both.

A time there is, when inſolence claims rank early on the liſt of preference. With him, whoſe compoſition recognizes no other ingredient, it is of great account; but ſmiles on wiſdom's cheek would ill become a dame ſo ſeldom ſeen. All have their turn of ſuperiority, though ſhaped as diverſely as the hearts that boaſt it; but he who improves it only from a revengeful, or envious diſpoſition, thwarts, in degree, the deſign of an unerring adminiſtration.

To ſee wretched depravity ſuddenly ſnatched from meanneſs or poverty, excites no ſecret pleaſure, or even a ſmile in the moſt philanthropic aſpect. We obſerve from the page of verity and analogy in our own experience, that the inſtability attached to this changeful ſcene, as in the boiling flood of revolutionary ſtates, often caſts from obſcurity its moſt filthy ſediment, which tranquillity might have happily concealed. A villain ſucceeds to a fortune—What then? Nothing more than this, an unſheathed ſword is preſented to a mad-man, to ſtab the vitals of him who is ſtruggling to riſe by merit's untied chord. Deſpicable as he really is, and as he appears to the world, from this ſame world he receives cringes and careſſes in ſcores. To ſay we deſpiſe or deteſt—to ſhow him, by the eloquence of our actions, that we have ſcanned his inſignificance, brings nought to paſs but the trouble of publiſhing facts. Though drawn in ſplendour, though fed with what you may not taſte, though hoiſted by a crowd of eye-caught fanatics, to the zenith of admiration, diſciples of Momus, deſpair not: His inſenſibility or lack of ſhame ſhall not ſhield him—his elevation favors our attack.

Seeſt thou this ſelf-ſame automaton—liſten to the ſweetneſs, the coherence, the aptitude of his converſation. He begins with the devil, and damns every ſpecies of animal above and below him, and generally ends where he begins. His philoſophy is perfectly *natural*. For the richneſs of his underſtanding he is debtor to neither man nor his Maker. Like a bricklayer of Babel, he ſpeaks all languages with equal accuracy; thread-bare Latin and broken Greek help to round his eloquence. "*Lex Meri-cato*," according to his Latin orthography, means "a law for the benefit of Cato"—which my vernacular readers will pleaſe to notice, is by interpretation no Latin at all.—Happy he muſt be, becauſe he cannot feel miſery; diſtreſs, to him, is a farcical after-piece, from which he yawningly retires, like ſome others, without being able to recollect the object. His conſcience is an old newſpaper, full of advertiſements, ſo completely ſmoked, that he never attempts to read a word.

Judicious reader, I know that with all thy ſoul thou hateſt this fellow; but he is too far beneath thee to deſerve the trouble—for be ſure, that if expoſed, he ſlips; if the truth

is

is told, he is expoſed—and if he ſtill lives, I have written no libel. In wreaking vengeance on a wretch like this, recollect thine own dignity,—Inſtead of epithets of reproach, if the Laugher underſtands his profeſſion, this is Wiſdom's laughing ſeaſon, more appoſite than the merry-andrew's friſk, who ſheds tears of jollity with a bleeding heart. His countenance ſhould lengthen at thy grin, till

In lettes clear, the ſordid elf
Read **Katerfelto* in himſelf.

For the COLUMBIAN PHENIX.

CELIBACY RECOMMENDED.

"What think ye of half a pair of ſciſſors?" FRANKLIN.

THINK? ſay I—Why, Freedom, or, according to modern language, *Liberty*, uncontrolled, unreſtrained, has charms, which I defy the Puritanic gobbler to ſhave from fortune's block, with his two-ſided ſhears. Eighteen years ago, about the time I was turning the twenty-fifth corner of my age, I began ſeriouſly to ponder upon the propriety of what is now called "wife getting." Twenty minutes in ſucceſſion were wholly abſorbed in the queſtion, which, to be ſure, I ſet down in my Blot, "Time loſt, Dr." The deciſion was at hand—*No wife*. Being impelled by the award of reaſon, after a cloſe inquiry, conſcience retired, not finding employ behind my counter, and engaged in neighbour *Nuptial's ſhop*, with no other emolument than the privilege of laſhing him to a wife, during his or her natural life.

This, thought I, was too great a diſcount to be made on a man's natural liberty. I choſe rather to be my own under-writer, for a few ſhort voyages, than run the riſk of doubling Cape Horn, without a pilot, with my whole property. Theſe calculations have, as yet, turned well. I find myſelf enabled to lay ſomething up, every year, without defrauding any one, who is determined to keep what he has; or openly violating any wholeſome rules, ſufficient to ſubject me to any higher puniſhment, than is inflicted by a *Court of Honor*, which generally conſiſts in a few corporeal ſquibs, that an accuſtomed convict will forget, with the ſame eaſe that he digeſts a *brown ſoup*.

If what I have told you is not enough, wait till I come back.

PILL-GARLICK.

THE CHRISTIAN AND JEW.

OUR illiberal prejudices have in a manner ſtigmatized the followers of Moſes, and the appellation of Jew has been uſed ungenerouſly to denote an uſurious money lender, who rejoices at other people's misfortunes, and lives on the plunder of the unfortunate, who are compelled to ſeek aſſiſtance from him. A thouſand inſtances might be adduced to convince

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* Katerfelto, inſtanced for his frankneſs, in hanging the *devil* out, to declare *hell* within.

us of our injuſtice, and to prove that, in the interpretation we are pleaſed to give, CHRISTIANS now are the worſt Jews. The fact we intend to record does the higheſt honor to human nature; and be the hero Turk, Jew, or Infidel, his action will find amongſt us more admirers than perſons ready to emulate his noble conduct in a ſimilar ſituation.

The ſcene lies in Poland, and the ſtory related as follows:—"A conſiderable Poliſh family, by ſome broils which had brought that country very near the brink of ruin, had been plunged from rank and affluence into obſcurity and wretchedneſs. An only ſon was left, whom neceſſity had compelled to enter into the ſervice of a Poliſh nobleman, and change his name. As the latter was taking an airing in the country, his good fortune led him to a cabaret, or ſmall inn, kept as all theſe houſes of public accommodation are, by a Jew. The good Iſraelite having ſurveyed the youth with attention, civilly craved his name, which the other told him freely. But, ſaid the hoſt, though you go by that name, it is not your real one. Be ſincere with me, I can trace in your face, features which I am ever bound to revere. If I miſtake not, you are the ſon of the late worthy, but unfortunate Prince Wooniefki. I own it, ſaid the youth, but unable to ſupport the title with proper ſplendour, I thought it prudent to conceal my birth. Heaven, I thank thee for the favour, exclaimed the Jew, now I have it in my power to requite on the ſon part of my obligations to his parents. Yes, Sir, to your noble family I owe my very exiſtence. I long ſubſiſted on their benevolence; Providence has bleſt my endeavours, and I have in a few years amaſſed a conſiderable fortune, which it is my duty to ſhare with the repreſentative of my benefactor. To-morrow your Excellency will be placed in a proper ſphere. A ſtate of ſervitude becomes you not; I ſhould be a ſlave myſelf, had I not other means left to releaſe you from bondage. The next morning a coach and ſix, with a ſuitable number of ſervants, were provided, and having received from the grateful Iſraelite, a purſe of 1000 ducats, the Prince ſet off for Warſaw, where having made himſelf known, he was, in a few days, honored by the King in Council with the badge of the firſt order of Knighthood. The Prince returned to the friendly Jew, who could not refrain ſhedding thoſe tears, which are the effuſions of ſenſibility. He had, during the Prince's abſence, negociated a marriage between his Excellency and a rich German heireſs, which was conſummated a few weeks afterwards when the parents paid down 100,000 florins, with a promiſe of as much more, on the birth of their firſt ſon. It would be a difficult matter to match ſuch an inſtance of gratitude. Go then, Chriſtian, and do thou likewiſe."

TO THE EDITORS OF THE COLUMBIAN PHENIX.

I INCLOSE for inſertion in your Magazine, ſome extracts from a political "ADDRESS to the ELECTORS, and the ELECTORS of the ELECTORS of PRESIDENT and VICE-PRESIDENT of the UNITED STATES," *which lately appeared in Jenks' Portland Gazette, ſigned,* "NO FOREIGNER."

"FELLOW-

"FELLOW-CITIZENS,

"TO remove at once all doubt, and eſtabliſh confidence between us, I think it proper to ſtate, that I was born an American, and that my forefathers have been born in this country for more than an hundred and fifty years. I add to this, that I have been no indifferent obſerver of public affairs for nigh twenty years, and from the reſult of all I have ſeen, I am a hearty friend of the preſent government of my country. Under theſe circumſtances, I take the freedom to lay before you a few, as I think, timely obſervations upon the moſt important of all elections; and if the candour and uprightneſs which I feel do not ſenſibly appear in the whole courſe of them, I ſhall be more unfortunate than I anticipate.

"It is a humiliating thought, and if the reſt of the world had not at preſent abundant cauſe to be aſhamed of itſelf, it would be in the eyes of foreign nations a diſgraceful fact, that on every election of any importance among us, we have a ſtruggle, which does not at all depend upon the merit of candidates, but upon their ſuppoſed principles; and as if ſomething were neceſſary to ſet off and finiſh this public ſpectacle to the higheſt advantage, the bone of contention is our exiſtence as a nation, which one party is willing to preſerve, and the other ſeems to think it beſt to deſtroy. This, though we cannot ſee it, is the figure we make to diſintereſted foreigners; and the miſchief is, that by length of time, and by taking various names and forms in obedience to all the cravings of individual vanity, and the meaneſt qualities of our hearts, the true nature of a conteſt which would have ſhocked us, had it been abrupt and definite at firſt, has not only pervaded our whole ſyſtem even to the minuteſt ramification, but by this diffuſion it has become ſo incorporate and imperceptible, as even to be denied. It is nothing ſtrange for men to ſlide into ſituations of which they are unconſcious, and which they themſelves deteſt and deſpiſe; but the inſidious nature of this propenſity makes it worthy of more frequent notice than it receives, as there is nothing more important to us than that we ſhould be often appriſed of what we are leaſt likely to perceive. I ſay, then, that a diſpute in this country, which at different times has taken all the current, and even ſome amiable forms, has finally degenerated, without our being conſtantly aware of the gradual perverſion, to a quarrel about our national exiſtence. It is to be hoped that there is honeſty enough left to make us ſhudder at this alarming ſeduction, and tread back the mazy path to ſome right poſition with ſuitable humility.

"It is pity that there is ſuch a cloud over what is called the public mind, at times; at leaſt, one cannot but feel ſorry for it, though it is the will of Heaven—but I believe a man muſt be made of extraordinary materials, who, at this preſent time, cannot be impreſſed with ſome belief of what I ſay. There is, however, another diſgraceful truth, which I muſt lay down before I advert to evidence; which is, that human nature is a great ſelf deceiver, in the concern which it takes about public affairs; and that the conduct of both ſides is more owing to a torpid indifference, than to any active, intelligent choice. It is by means of this indolence and ſuperficial attention, that we reſign ourſelves to the direction of chance, of deſign, and, having

having obſerved that things go right enough a little while, trouble ourſelves no more about them. If it were poſſible to rouſe the ſluggard faculties of this ſort of people to the degree of retroſpection and compariſon, ſtill there is more to be done; for it is to be feared, that, after all, our patriotiſm in general is but a remote intereſt, and that, with the exception of few, mankind ſacrifice to almoſt any of their baſer paſſions, more frequently and with a better will than to this. But while that few continue virtuous and active, it is to be hoped that the true faith will be preſerved as well in politics as other things."

"The Conſtitution has combined the intereſts and fate of all the ſtates, delivered them from individual apprehenſions, and produced out of the chaos of wretchedneſs, a healthy, vigorous, and eaſy condition. Acting under it, we find ourſelves capable of any undertaking which the general proſperity may require. We govern ourſelves, and can in ſome meaſure govern external circumſtances, by means of the preſent firmneſs of our connexion and our unity of action. All our public and private concerns are in a ſtate of ſafety, and there is no diſtruſt or difficulty of any kind which is not inſeparable from the common lot of humanity.

"The ſingle ſtates may purſue their natural wiſhes and their intereſts without obſtruction, and with none to make them afraid. Every individual has the wideſt poſſible range of freedom, and conſtantly enjoys complete ſecurity of property and pleaſures. The particular acts of government which have produced the ſeveral items which all together compoſe this ſingular ſtate of felicity, it is not for ſuch an eſſay as this to enumerate; it is enough for the preſent purpoſe, that nobody can deny it. We poſſeſs, we enjoy, and we can do every thing which a free republic ever did, or ever will. What more can be demanded?"

For the PHENIX.

DISSIPATION DISSIPATED.

"'Tis pity
"That *well-wiſhing* had not a body in't."

AN eminent Lawyer in New-England had taken the earlieſt and moſt indefatigable pains, to educate to a ſimilar eminence a promiſing ſon, whom we ſhall here call PHILO. The habits of Philo's parents, and the precepts of tutors eſteemed for erudition and ſobriety, ſeemed to have fixed for durability a ſet of principles in the breaſt of young Philo, which would one day give leſſons to the wiſe. The defects of nature's poliſh, with reſpect to ſymmetry of form and endowments of mind, were totally eclipſed, if any there were, by a redundancy of original thoughts, ſet off with the moſt humorous aptitude of eccentric expreſſions. Theſe advantages gave the admiring crowd prophetic faith in his future greatneſs and uſefulneſs. His application to books and neceſſary ſcience was ſuch, as would give to a philoſopher the epithet of induſtrious; which continued till his term of pupilage expired—when his natural ambition for the acquiſition of knowledge, and the inherent princi-

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ple of the love of novelty in youth, induced him to quit the ſilent ſtillneſs of a country village, to viſit the capital cities of the United States. The fame of HIM whom nations mourn, and for whom Columbia will never ceaſe to ſigh, had fired his mind with the moſt earneſt wiſh to view the "favored ſpot," which was made lofty "among the hills" by the labors of its venerable tenant. On his way thither, he had occaſion to touch at the cities of New-York and Philadelphia. At the latter place, he may be emphatically ſaid to have "buried the manes of a name." A conſiderable ſtay there gave opportunity to become acquainted with many of the *blades* who

"Parade the ſtreets with muffled chin,
"Or peeping o'er their pudding-bags."

From theſe he derived ideas, to innocence and reaſon always new. Their politeneſs to him rendered his continuance almoſt indiſpenſable—he conſidered it the effuſion of ſpontaneous friendſhip—his joys every day increaſed with the renewal of every day's pleaſure. If his funds were exhauſted, the reputation of his father was a reſource. If his conſcience at any time veiled his face in ſadneſs and reflection, a new excurſion, invented by his *friendly patrons*, ſhook off the ſaucy intruders, and revived the hilarity which had uſurped the throne once filled with temperate economy. The firſt of all vices which is dictated by the democracy of nature, was the firſt which gained audience in the unguarded conduct of Philo. The innocent victims of ſeduction, whoſe native ſoftneſs and credulity knew not that man was baſe---when deſpair ſat brooding on their grief-worn brow, were the fitteſt artiſts in ſeduction's ſchool to proſelyte the ſentiments of our young hero.

The ſhort intervals of his revels ſcarcely gave time to view the complexion of his increaſing crimes, or reflect on the deteſtation in which his virtuous education had taught him to hold a practice ſimilar to his own. The vigour of his genius had experienced abatement, in proportion as he multiplied his acquaintance---for habit and a gleam of conſcious ſhame made him look with a bluſh or indifference on the reſpectable part of ſociety. Groveling, obſcene, vulgar language and company by degrees gave a diſtaſte for thoſe refined and delicate ideas and companions, in whom he once delighted; as in the preſent purſuit, nothing was found to be current change, but his money or vulgarity.

This life ſoon made Philo forget his former deſire of beholding Vernon's Sage. Ambition ſlept, while appetite was feaſting. Argument and threats would then have loſt perſuaſion, and none but parental tears could have flown for ſuch a wretch!

Events the moſt direful oft are prologues to happy ſcenes; and characters, the reptiles of creation, can ſcarce be vile enough to withſtand temporary greetings from reaſon and conviction. Philo was not entirely loſt---a feeling heart could not be indurated in ſo ſhort a dream of ſupine inattention to his duty. He was walking the piazza of a public houſe, planning the revel of the coming evening; an interruption was unexpected. Juſt as the bowl of mutual engagement went cheerly round, a figure of uncommon elegance paſſed the door---it was that of the unfortunate Miſs *Henry*. She led her little girl, four years of age. The mother's countenance was a volume to Philo; every thing but joy was depicted in beauty's higheſt paints. Here the aſtoniſhment of

Philo made him requeſt to know of his companion the cauſe of this profuſion of nature's pride. His being informed of her preſent reſidence, engaged his curioſity. The feelings of a brother---the horrors of a forlorn ſiſter---and the anguiſh of diſtreſſed parents, all ruſhed to his mind at once. Philo withdrew his hand from his ſtupid companion, and retired to give vent to a better paſſion than the one he was on the eve of indulging.

The calm of his chamber gave him an opportunity, during the ſucceeding night, to critically examine his preſent mode of conduct. Filial affection--the gratitude of a once dutiful ſon---the love he had for an amiable ſiſter---with a thouſand little endearments his infancy had enjoyed, and an aſſurance of their repetition, were legible to his recollection. If he returned to his friends and his former ſyſtem of propriety, he could promiſe himſelf every rational enjoyment, in the poſſeſſion of the love and eſteem of all, and the fruition of an unimpaired fortune. If he remained in his preſent habits, an uncontrolled routine of pleaſures offered themſelves as his attendants. The important queſtion was undecided---The impreſſion the appearance of Miſs Henry had left, could not be eraſed. The next day was ſet for the deciſion, and a viſit to the reſidence of Miſs Henry.

(To be continued.)

MAGNANIMITY OF A NEGRO PRINCE.

Related in PARK's "Travels into the interior Diſtricts of Africa."

WE reached Malacotta in the evening, where we were well received. This is an unwalled town; the huts, for the moſt part, are made of ſplit cane, twiſted into a ſort of wicker-work, and plaſtered over with mud. Here we remained three days, and were each day preſented with a bullock from the ſchool-maſter. We were likewiſe well entertained by the town's people, who appear to be very active and induſtrious. They make very good ſoap, by boiling groundnuts in water, and then adding a lye of wood aſhes. They likewiſe manufacture excellent iron, which they carry to Bondou, to barter for ſalt. A party of the town's people had lately returned from a trading expedition of this kind, and brought information concerning a war between Almami Abdulkader, king of Foota Torra, and Damel, king of the Jaloffs. The events of this war ſoon became a favorite ſubject with the ſinging men,* and a common topic of converſation in all the kingdoms bordering upon the Senegal and Gambia; and as the account is ſomewhat ſingular, I ſhall here abridge it for the reader's information.—The king of Foota Torra, inflamed with a zeal for propagating his religion, had ſent an embaſſy to Damel. The ambaſſador on the preſent occaſion was accompanied by two of the principal Buſhreens, who carried each a large knife fixed on the top of a long pole. As ſoon as he had procured admiſſion into the preſence of Damel, and announced the pleaſure of his ſovereign, he ordered the Buſhreens to preſent the emblems of his miſſion. The two knives were accordingly

* Bards, or Poets, who ſing the praiſes of their heroes.

ingly laid before Damel, and the ambaſſador explained himſelf as follows: "With this knife (ſaid he) Abdulkader will condeſcend to ſhave the head of Damel, if Damel will embrace the Mahomedan faith; and with this other knife, Abdulkader will cut the throat of Damel, if Damel refuſes to embrace it; take your choice." Damel coolly told the ambaſſador, that he had no choice to make; he neither choſe to have his head ſhaved nor his throat cut: and with this anſwer the ambaſſador was civilly diſmiſſed. Abdulkader took his meaſures accordingly, and with a powerful army invaded Damel's country. The inhabitants of the towns and villages filled up their wells, deſtroyed their proviſions, carried off their effects and abandoned their dwellings, as he approached. By this means he was led on from place to place, until he had advanced three days' journey into the country of the Jaloffs. He had indeed met with no oppoſition, but his army had ſuffered ſo much from the ſcarcity of water, that ſeveral of his men had died by the way. This induced him to direct his march towards a watering-place in the woods, where his men having quenched their thirſt, being overcome with fatigue, lay down careleſsly to ſleep among the buſhes. In this ſituation they were attacked by Damel before day break, and completely routed. Many of them were trampled to death as they lay aſleep, by the Jaloff horſes; others were killed in attempting to make their eſcape; and a ſtill greater number were taken priſoners. Among the latter was Abdulkader himſelf. This ambitious, or rather frantic prince, who, but a month before, had ſent the threatening meſſage to Damel, was now himſelf led into his preſence as a miſerable captive. The behaviour of Damel on this occaſion is never mentioned by the ſinging men, but in terms of the higheſt approbation, and was indeed ſo extraordinary in an African prince, that the reader may find it difficult to give credit to the recital. When his royal priſoner was brought before him in irons, and thrown upon the ground, the magnanimous Damel, inſtead of ſetting his foot upon his neck, and ſtabbing him with his ſpear, according to cuſtom in ſuch caſes, addreſſed him as follows:— "Abdulkader, anſwer me this queſtion: If the chance of war had placed me in your ſituation, and you in mine, how would you have treated me?" "I would have thruſt my ſpear into your heart," returned Abdulkader, with great firmneſs, "and I know that a ſimilar fate awaits me." "Not ſo (ſaid Damel) my ſpear is indeed red with the blood of your ſubjects, killed in battle, and I could now give it a deeper ſtain by dipping it in your own; but this would not build up my towns, nor bring to life the thouſands who fell in the woods. I will not therefore kill you in cold blood, but I will retain you as my ſlave, until I perceive, that your preſence in your own kingdom will be no longer dangerous to your neighbours, and then I will conſider of the proper way of diſpoſing of you." Abdulkader was accordingly retained, and wrought as a ſlave for three months; at the end of which period, Damel liſtened to the ſolicitations of the inhabitants of Foota Torra, and reſtored them their king. Strange as this ſtory may appear, I have no doubt of the truth of it; it was told me at Malacotta by the negroes; it was afterwards related to me by the Europeans on the Gambia, by ſome of the French at Goree,

Goree, and confirmed by nine ſlaves, who were taken priſoners along with Abdulkader, by the watering-place in the woods, and carried in the ſame ſhip with me to the Weſt-Indies.

A LETTER

From a lively TRAVELLER in the North of England.

The dire delay ſome merriment affords.

Dear Sir,

PERMIT a man, who in travelling always writes currente calamo, to tranſmit you a ſheet for next month, which I feel particularly inclined to do, having twice paraded theſe old walls, viſited the church, wondered at the altar-piece, peruſed the tomb-ſtones, lounged in the milliner's ſhops, and in ſhort, exhauſted all the curioſities of this venerable place. I have been, ſorely to my diſſatisfaction, detained here three days from no leſs a reaſon than inability to get poſt-horſes. You muſt know, the demon of confuſion drew me to this town on the very morning the Aſſizes began; conſequently I found the whole town in commotion. I happened to enter the north ſtreet at one end, as the Judges entered it at the other, and was an eye and ear witneſs to the variety of noiſes their approach occaſioned. A peal immediately thundered from the tottering ſteeple; the dogs barked; the boys huzza'd; and the trumpeters brayed forth moſt loyally. I paſſed with ſome difficulty through booths, crockery ware, querulous old women, and peaceable javelin men, and ordered the poſtilion to drive to the White-Lion; that being a houſe I have frequented for many years. I fully expected, upon driving up to the door, to have ſeen mine hoſt waddle forth, with the cuſtomary half dozen of waiters at his heels, to let down the ſtep, and welcome me with his uſual obſequious phraſes of—"Sir, your moſt obedient—Much obliged to you for your company, Sir—How does the corn look in Scotland (I beg pardon for the blunder, Sir, I mean Northumberland)?—Here, ſhew the gentleman into No. 4," &c. But my expectations were diſappointed: my gentleman was ſwollen with the importance of a new wig and an old inn; and, concluding that his own individual merits had brought the gueſts with whom his houſe was crammed, hardly deigned to notice an inſignificant being like me, who travelled with a pair of horſes. My favourite No. 4, I found was deſtined to have the honour of containing the Gentlemen of the Long Robe. Determined, however, not to take the leſs care of Number One upon that account, I ordered as good a dinner as the houſe could afford; though I had the proſpect of eating it in a tobacco-ſcented coffee-room, whoſe "ſanded floor" was not half ſo agreeable in reality, as when ſwept with the poetical beſom of a Goldſmith.

The period between ordering dinner and eating it is variouſly diſpoſed of by travellers. Some viſit the larder, and feaſt their eyes till they are called upon to feaſt their palate. Some ſolace themſelves with reading the "Adorable Miſs A's, and the charming Miſs B's" ſcrawled upon the

the windows; and ſome take up the landlord's time by weighty diſcuſſions of the roads and weather. Reſolved to ſpend my hour in a more profitable way than any of the above, I joined the train that accompanied my Lords the Judges to church, and had the ſatisfaction of liſtening to a very ſublime and animated diſcourſe from the Rev. Mr. Somnus. In the evening, being heartily fatigued with the occurrences of the day (among which the ſermon was not the leaſt conſpicuous) I requeſted to be ſhewn to my chamber; but was informed, to my infinite ſurprize and mortification, that all the beds in the houſe were engaged. It was in vain to bluſter and look big; nobody ſeemed to heed me; and even my old acquaintance, Molly, toſt up her noſe, and, forgetful of former favors, told me ſhe was poſitive there was not ſo much as half a bed in the houſe diſengaged. In this extremity I had nothing to do but to follow my landlord's advice, and accommodate myſelf with a bed at a hair-dreſſer's in the neighbourhood, at the moderate price of a guinea per night, hair-dreſſing not included.

One would think that trials for life and death were the moſt amuſing things in the world, by the feſtivity their approach occaſions. The ſhopkeepers' daughters here are all decorated in their beſt attire, and elbow one another at the doors two hours before they are opened, in order to get a place cloſe to the Judge. When the time approaches, it is curious to obſerve the confuſion among the eager multitude to gain admittance. Hats, caps, and ſhoes, are loſt in the ſcuffle: women are thrown down; children ſcream; and the valiant Eſquires, who are appointed to protect the Caſtle, croſs their javelins at the door, and inexorably withſtand the ſupplication of the crowd, unleſs the ſight of ſome diſtreſſed beauty ſoftens their obdurate hearts, and lowers the lifted ſpear. Nor is the contagion confined within the walls of the town. The milk maid quits her unfilled pail, the waggoner deſerts his ſteeds on the brow of the hill, and the reaper throws down his ſickle, to partake of the general amuſement. Whether this univerſal joy extends itſelf to the priſon, and cauſes the felons

——"To ſhake their chains,
"In tranſports of rude harmony,"

I leave you to gueſs. I really at firſt ſuppoſed that the words "General Gaol Delivery," printed on the top of a Calendar which was thruſt into my hand this morning by a vociferous brat, literally ſignified that the priſon doors were to be thrown open, and the felons take to their heels; and that humanity was the cauſe of the various frolics that were going forward. However, this error was of ſhort duration, and gave way to ſurprize upon being informed that there was to be an *Aſſize Ball*, and that the room in which it was to be held, was immediately adjoining the priſon. This is really the climax of abſurdity! An Aſſize Ball!—The very ſound is contradictory. They might as well tell me of a hop in an hoſpital, or a fandango at a funeral: it ſeems to me to be as odd a mixture of the houſe of ſorrow and houſe of joy, as the genius of pantomime ever jumbled together. If I go to it (which curioſity will certainly lead me to do) I expect to be entertained with a hornpipe in chains, like that in The Beggar's Opera, or perhaps the humours of the New Drop, as danced at Newgate with univerſal applauſe.

In croſſing the ſtreet this morning, whom

whom ſhould I meet but our old college acquaintance, Frank Fidget? You may remember that Frank, not having capacity to comprehend the firſt principles, either of languages or mathematics, fairly turned tail; left Æneas to his fate in the midſt of the flames of Troy; made a full ſtop at the Pons Aſinorum; and, throwing aſide his books, hired a couple of hunters, and damned all profeſſors for a pack of thick-headed blockheads. Being, for theſe and a few ſimilar eccentricities, condemned, in the college phraſe, to *ruſticate*, he repaired to London, and determined to eat his way to preferment at one of the Inns of Court. I hardly recognized Frank at firſt; for he had contrived to blend the beau and the barriſter ſo oddly together, that I would defy either the one or the other to claim him as one of their fraternity. Being, however, a youth of good temper in poſſeſſion, and good fortune in reverſion, he is very well liked by his long-robed brethren, to whoſe club dinner he inſiſted upon introducing me; adding, that I ſhould find many of them *pleaſant fellows enough*, without *any thing of the lawyer about them!* As this is a ſociety of Gentlemen with whom I have hitherto been little acquainted, I ſhall take the liberty of dwelling a little upon the ideas that ſtruck me relative to their profeſſion and conduct.

In the firſt place then, I am of opinion that we muſt give them credit for a great fund of *genuine patriotiſm:* you ſmile, perhaps, at the aſſertion; but if men who purſue with unabating aſſiduity a laborious public employment through life, and bellow for the public with but a ſlender chance of ultimate emolument, deſerve that title, I think the Gentlemen of the bar may fairly put in for it. Nor is this diſintereſted conduct confined to thoſe who are young in the profeſſion; for I could point out thoſe who are in the receipt of immenſe annual ſums, and yet, "Qualis ab inceptò," ſtill continue to take a retaining fee for all the rogues in the kingdom, and heroically ſacrifice their lungs, and even their characters, for public liberty. You will in the next place allow me to compliment them on the extraordinary nicety of their *Love of Virtue;* a fact which is obvious from the manner in which they ſpeak of and examine a witneſs in court. The ſlighteſt fault, the moſt trifling miſdemeanour, is in their pure notions unpardonable, and draws upon the devoted wretch the thunder of their eloquence; inſomuch, that I have ſometimes known a man, whom we common mortals might think a reſpectable character, proved, by their keener capacities, to be a monſter unworthy to exiſt in civilized ſociety: in this, perhaps, they carry the matter ſomewhat too far; but in the cauſe of virtue, who would not excuſe a little tranſient warmth? The third quality, for which they ſhould receive their due praiſe, is *incorruptible impartiality!* this, you will confeſs, in our heated times, is no common virtue. 'Tis the ſame thing to them whether they uphold the cauſe of Deſpotiſm or Rebellion; whether they prove the ſervant a thief, or the maſter a calumniator; whether they banter the beadle, or ſtigmatize the ſtreet-walker. They ſeem to conſider themſelves (and indeed in many reſpects are) animals feræ naturæ, the property of the firſt man that can ſtrike them with a fee; and, with a laudable flexibility, are prepared to abuſe or extol plaintiff or defendant, which ever is quick enough to retain them firſt: excellence in this caſe depending,

depending, like that of Achilles, upon ſwiftneſs of heels. The laſt of their qualifications, upon which I ſhall dwell, is *Serenity* and *Firmneſs*. No difficulty daunts them; no overthrow makes them aſhamed; and thoſe ſagacious followers of Lavater, who trace the emotions of the mind on the countenance, would be puzzled to find the ſlighteſt traits of guilt on the never bluſhing front of a barriſter at law. Whether this proceeds from innate virtue or innate impudence, I will not determine; but will in candour ſuppoſe the former, though ſeveral honeſt gentlemen can by experience aſſert the latter.

I will not mention thoſe minor qualifications of intriguing and drinking, though I believe them to be far from deficient in either. I know that, ſince they have drawn more together with the military, no men in his Majeſty's ſervice diſcharge their glaſſes and charge again with more rapidity and propriety than they. And of their excellence in galiantry, Tom Fidget gave me a proof: for, upon complaining to him of the dearneſs of my lodging, he gravely adviſed me to look out for ſome female companion, adding, "I always do ſo at an Aſſize Town, and I aſſure you I find it the cheapeſt way."

I remain, dear Sir,

Your's, &c. Z.

ACCOUNT OF GRAND CAIRO.

A PLACE WHICH HAS LATELY BEEN AN OBJECT OF MUCH ATTENTION.

GRAND Cairo, the preſent capital of Egypt, was founded by Giover, Lieutenant to the Caliph Meezledin, Conqueror of Egypt. Its firſt beginning was a large wall, which ſerved only as an entrenchment to ſecure the army, encamped within, from the aſſaults of the enemy. The Caliph, finding this a more agreeable country than that in the neighbourhood of Alexandria, which was at that time the metropolis of Egypt, after the manner of the Arabs, ordered his tents to be pitched within the entrenchment. This, being now become the place of reſidence of the Sovereign, began by degrees to increaſe by the addition of ſeveral moſques and houſes built out of the ruins of the adjacent towns and villages, deſerted by their inhabitants, who flocked in great numbers to this new capital. It was named by the Caliph El Cahera, which in the Arabian language ſignifies the Victorious, in memory of his conqueſt. This name, by the corruption of ſucceeding ages, was changed into Cairo, which, upon account of its great extent, and the incredible number of its inhabitants, was diſtinguiſhed by the Europeans, under the title of Grand Cairo. This city, comprehending Bulac, is about twelve miles in circuit, ſituated upon the eaſtern bank of the Nile, about fourteen miles to the north-eaſt of the ruins of Memphis. In the ſtructure of the city there is little regularity or magnificence; the ſtreets being narrow, crooked, and without pavement, and the houſes built without any kind of ornament. They are indeed higher than what is uſual in other parts of Turkey, and compoſed of better materials, being univerſally either of brick or ſtone. The apartments within, in ſome of them, are ſpacious and noble, adorned with variety of gildings and other decorations,

tions, which are faſhionable in theſe countries. The tops of the houſes are all flat, and in the ſummer time it is frequent for whole families to ſleep upon them, ſpreading a light tent over their heads to keep off the dew. They count in Grand Cairo one thouſand moſques, comprehending thoſe which are erected over ſome of the ſepulchres; but they are all far inferior, both in taſte and grandeur, to thoſe of Conſtantinople. Joining to Jameel Azehar, or the Moſque of Flowers, is a college in which the ſtudents are inſtructed in logic, aſtronomy, judicial aſtrology, hiſtory, and the principles of the Mahometan religion. There is another moſque, contiguous to which is an hoſpital, with very plentiful endowments for two thouſand blind men, which number is always complete, there being above half the inhabitants of Egypt, who have ſome natural or acquired defect in their ſight. The ſtructure of theſe moſques is very different from thoſe of Conſtantinople, the minarets being in quite another taſte, and ſeem to have nothing near the fine effect of thoſe made uſe of in the metropolis, which at a diſtance make the city appear as if it was full of obeliſks and ſingle pillars. There is in Grand Cairo one large ſquare, called Rumeli Meidani, or the ſquare of Romelia, which is between the great moſque and the caſtle; but it is without any kind of ornament, and is rather a diſadvantage to the city than an embelliſhment.

The inhabitants of this vaſt capital are innumerable; and, notwithſtanding the frequent plagues and ſickneſſes which infeſt the country, it undoubtedly maintains itſelf one of the beſt peopled cities in the world. The inhabitants are compoſed of Turks, Arabs, Jews, and Chriſtians; the greateſt part of which are coptes, who are reckoned to amount to the number of thirty thouſand.—The city is built on a plain, overlooked by an eminence, on which ſtands the caſtle or citadel, imagined to have been firſt founded by the Babylonians, who were eſtabliſhed in theſe parts by Semiramis, in order to keep the city of Memphis in ſubjection. It is, however, a place of very little defence, being commanded by a hill ſituate to the eaſtward, whence an enemy could in a very few hours oblige it to ſurrender. It is garriſoned by two bodies of militia, the janiſſaries and the aſaps; who are lodged in different quarters, and have their ſeparate magazines of armour and ammunition. Theſe aſaps are upon a different eſtabliſhment from thoſe in other Turkiſh provinces, being in Egypt a very conſiderable body of infantry, whereas in other parts they are but few in number, and ſerve on horſeback.—In this caſtle the Pacha, commiſſioned by the Grand Signior to act as ſupreme governor over all Egypt, makes his reſidence. His palace, though it is but an ordinary ſtructure, is ſpacious, and the inner apartments magnificent; it has alſo joining to it a very large hall, ſerving as a divan or ſenate-houſe, in which the Pacha ſits preſident. But what is moſt remarkable in the citadel is the well, commonly called Joſeph's well. It is uncertain who was the author of this grand work; but I am inclined to believe it is not of ſo great antiquity as is commonly imagined. The form of it is a ſquare of twenty-ſix feet, and the whole depth two hundred and eighty five: it is cut entirely out of the ſolid rock, through which, by an eaſy winding, without the extent of the ſquare, you deſcend

for

for the ſpace of one hundred and twenty-ſix perpendicular feet, after which you come to a ſquare platform, of the ſame dimenſions as the mouth of the well, upon which there are conſtantly nine or ten oxen at work in turning round a wheel, which conveys the water from out of the ſecond well, one hundred and fifty-nine feet deep, into a large ciſtern placed upon the platform, whence it is drawn up to the top by an equal number of oxen labouring at another wheel without the mouth of the well. As before the invention of guns this citadel muſt undoubtedly have been a very ſtrong place, ſome monarch reſolved to render it almoſt impregnable by removing the only difficulty which rendered it incapable of maintaining a long ſiege, the want of water. With this view he contrived this well, which, when he had with the utmoſt labour and expenſe finiſhed, he to his great diſappointment found the water brackiſh and unwholeſome. This did not, however, diſcourage him from purſuing his deſign, in a manner different indeed, but not leſs expenſive, which was to bring the water of the Nile by an aqueduct, as it is furniſhed at this day; the water of Joſeph's well being employed in other uſes, to which its diſagreeable taſte is no objection.

Near the ſouthern wall of the caſtle is a large ſquare building, the roof of which is ſupported by ſeveral vaſt granite pillars. It is called by the inhabitants the Divan of Joſeph, to whom they attribute every thing which is in the leaſt extraordinary, though it is eaſy to diſcover it to be Turkiſh workmanſhip, by the gilding and ornaments of the roof, and by the cornices filled with inſcriptions in Arabic characters. Hence one has a fine view of the whole city of Cairo, which at this diſtance affords a moſt noble and magnificent proſpect. The caſtle is of an irregular figure, and the fortifications not only very indifferent, but kept in ſo bad repair, that they are ſcarce of ſtrength ſufficient to defend the Pacha from the inſults of the populace.

The following Account of the Arabs may not be unentertaining to our readers.

THE Arabs, who form the chief body of the inhabitants of Egypt, are diſtinguiſhed by the denomination of Zifzis or huſbandmen, and the Bedoweens or thoſe who live under the tents. The Zifzis live in the towns and villages, employ themſelves in the cultivation of the land and breeding of cattle; and the Bedoweens pitch their tents upon the verge of the deſert, paying to the public a certain ſum of money for the land which they occupy. Though theſe people have maintained the language, name, and ſome of the cuſtoms of the true Arabs, inhabiters of the deſert, yet they differ from them entirely in their tempers and principles, having as many ill qualities as the others have good ones. They are univerſally unpoliſhed, brutal, and ignorant; guilty of the blackeſt pieces of treachery; cruel to the laſt degree; not ſparing even their own brother, if his death will turn out any thing to their advantage. Their bodies are uſually tall and well proportioned, but their features irregular, and their complexions very tawny; their dreſs (if they have any) conſiſts in a blue ſhirt, which they faſten round their middles with a piece of packthread; but in the ſummer time both boys and girls, till the age of twelve, go about ſtark naked. The women wear veils

over their faces, with large copper or ſilver rings in their noſes and ears, and bracelets of the ſame metals about their arms and legs; in every other particular they are dreſſed like their huſbands. The Seghs or Chiefs of the villages are generally diſtinguiſhed by a turban, a long black robe, and a piece of blue and white linen, which they threw over their ſhoulders in the manner of a cloak. In their food and habitations they expreſs the utmoſt poverty and miſery, living more like beaſts than human creatures; their uſual food is eggs and a ſort of dough cakes, which they ſtick up againſt the walls of the oven, and ſoon after take them out, and devour them with the utmoſt greedineſs. They have alſo a ſort of ſour cheeſe, which they produce upon particular occaſions, and ſtinking butter, in which, upon any extraordinary feſtival, they fry their eggs. Their houſes are built entirely of mud, and have nothing within them but the bare walls, it being a very great piece of magnificence to have a mattraſs or carpet to ſleep on.

The Bedoweens are continually at variance with thoſe who inhabit the villages, as indeed the latter have reaſon to fear them, ſince their chief ſubſiſtence is in pillaging their lands and habitations. The chief occupations of the Bedoweens is in exerciſes of horſemanſhip, in which they are extremely well ſkilled. Theſe, in their cuſtoms, approach nearer to the true Arabs; though they are, notwithſtanding, equally deſpiſed by them, being eſteemed as ſlaves, upon account of the tribute which they pay for the lands on which they ſpread their tents. When they go out in ſearch of booty, they generally march in a body of fifty or ſometimes one hundred men, armed with long lances, and mounted upon excellent horſes; in caſe of neceſſity, they in a very ſmall time can be reinforced, by diſpatching one of their party to alarm thoſe of the neighbouring habitations, as they are frequently forced to do, in order to oppoſe the troops ſent from Cairo for the defence of the villages, with whom they have frequently very ſharp encounters. Nothing is more common than for them to rebel, and refuſe to pay their tribute, in which caſe the Beys diſpatch large bodies of troops againſt them, and ſometimes march out in perſon, as it happened while I was in Egypt. A Bey was ſent againſt the rebels near Alexandria, who committed all ſorts of diſorders, confining the inhabitants within the walls of the city. He was, however, obliged to return to Grand Cairo, without having brought them to reaſon; for the rebels, immediately upon the notice of the approach of ſome ſuperior force, fly into the innermoſt parts of the deſert; where, as they are the only people who are acquainted, it is very eaſy for them to eſcape the purſuit of their enemies. The Bedoweens are wholly averſe to all ſort of induſtry, looking upon labour as mean and unmanly; for which reaſon they make their women perform all the neceſſary drudgeries, riding themſelves on horſeback, while their wives follow them on foot, loaded with their ſpare arms and domeſtic utenſils. Thoſe who inhabit the villages have however quite different ſentiments, being naturally induſtrious, and employing themſelves daily in the hardeſt labours. They are by no means unſkilful in the practical part of agriculture, and are acquainted with ſeveral methods of breeding and nouriſhing their cattle, of which other natives are entirely ignorant.

norant. The moſt extraordinary practice is that of hatching their eggs, which they always perform by an artificial heat. They have for that purpoſe in each village ſeveral ſquare rooms, the walls of which are made of a kind of bricks dried in the ſun. In the middle of theſe rooms they make a large fire, round which they place their eggs at regular diſtances, that they may all enjoy an equal degree of heat; in this manner they let them lie for fourteen days, now and then turning them, that the warmth may be the better adminiſtered to all parts alike; and on the fifteenth day the chicken makes its appearance, and proves in every reſpect as ſtrong and perfect as thoſe hatched according to the rules of nature. Nor is this any other than the continuance of a cuſtom practiſed by the ancient Egyptians, ſince we are taught by Diodorus Siculus that they uſed this manner of hatching their chickens.

They have a ſecret alſo to defend themſelves againſt the bite of vipers, the effects of which are ſo extraordinary, that had I not been an eye witneſs, I ſhould have given very little credit to any accounts of them. There are many of theſe Arabs who make it their livelihood to gather vipers, which they find in great quantities upon the verge of the deſert, diſpoſing of them for three ſequins an hundred to the apothecaries of Grand Cairo. The manner of their gathering them is by obſerving early in the morning their traces in the ſand, which they follow till they diſcover the animal, which, without the leaſt heſitation, they take up in their fingers, and put him into a large leather bag, which they bring to Cairo, containing ſometimes ſix or ſeven hundred vipers. It was in an apothecaries ſhop that I ſaw one of theſe people come in with a bag of an hundred, who, after he had made his bargain, ſeated himſelf upon the ground, together with his two companions, and, taking the vipers out of the ſack one by one, cut off their heads, ſkinned and gutted them, in which manner they are obliged to deliver them before they receive their payment. They make no ſort of difficulty of putting their hands into the ſack, and taking up an handful of theſe noxious animals, in the ſame manner as I have ſeen people put their hands into a baſket of corn, and take up an handful to examine the goodneſs of it. Upon aſking them what was the reaſon that theſe animals, commonly ſo fatal to whoever touches them, ſhould never ſo much as offer to bite them, I was anſwered, it was a gift enjoyed only by two families, delivered to them by a ſaint many ages ago, who, to recompenſe his adherents, had, by bleſſing them, inveſted them with a power of charming all venomous animals, ſo as to be able to manage them without the leaſt hurt. This was the only account I could get out of them, and was informed, that in reality the ſecret was known only by ſome families of them, who gained their livelihood by this extraordinary traffic. What to me ſeems moſt probable is, that they are acquainted with ſome herb, to which theſe venomous creatures have ſuch an antipathy, that if they rub their hands or any part of their bodies with it, it incapacitates them from biting that part, by theſe means infected with an odour which in a manner ſuffocates and deprives them of their uſual power of hurting. Among theſe vipers there are ſome of a ſpecies peculiar, I believe, to Egypt. They are rather leſs than the others, whom they reſemble exactly

actly in form and colour, differing only about the head, upon which they carry two horns about a quarter of an inch long. The venom of theſe horned vipers is of a far more inveterate nature than that of the common ſort, inſomuch that the bite of one of them, notwithſtanding the moſt immediate aſſiſtance, is inevitable death: the Arabs, however, treated theſe with the ſame familiarity as they did the others, letting them run between their fingers, putting them into their boſoms, and farther, to ſatisfy my curioſity, running their fingers into their mouths, without the leaſt dread or heſitation.

MY WIFE AND I.

Though Artemiſia talks by fits
Of Councils, Claſſics, Fathers, Wits,
Reads Malebrance, Boyle, and Locke;
Yet in ſome things methinks ſhe fails—— POPE.

SIRS,

THERE has been a great deal of debate and much ſhedding of ink in the learned world for ſome time paſt, reſpecting the rank that women ought to hold in the ſcale of creation. Some four old bachelors have thought, with Sir Anthony Abſolute in the play, that women may be taught their letters, but ſhould never learn their miſchievous combinations; others, of a ſofter mould, have in a manner depreſſed while they exalted them, by burſting forth into rapturous eulogiums on their amiable virtues, which they would at the ſame time confine to the kitchen and nurſery; while a third ſort, with more liberality than the one, and more boldneſs than the other, have contended that literature alone exalts the female character, and that every ſtep a woman mounts in the ladder of learning makes her more eminent in excellence:

"Victorque virum volitare per ora."

Among the votaries of the third ſect I beg leave to enrol my name. I began life with a determination to run counter to the eſtabliſhed uſage of mankind in the choice of a wife. For I ſighed when I reflected on the ſlaviſh ſubjection in which man detains his injured helpmate, in defiance of reaſon, and in contempt of humanity; I burnt with all the zeal of a Don Quixote to fight the battles of this laſt and faireſt work of nature, and reſolved to ſhew the world that I felt what I expreſſed, by drawing ſome deſerving female from humble life; by providing her with books in all the learned languages, ſuperintending her education with ſcrupulous anxiety, and at a fit period leading her to the altar, crowned with the never-fading flowers of ſagacity and erudition. This grand ſcheme I immediately put in practice in the following manner:

You muſt know, there is a ſmall ſhop oppoſite my ſtudy window, which profeſſes to ſell gingerbread, earthen-ware, gilt paper, peg tops, and treacle. To this houſe of miſcellaneous fame I had been accuſtomed to ſee a little girl arrive two or three times a week, and generally return with a handful of gingerbread. This did not at firſt appear very extraordinary,

traordinary, till I obſerved the gingerbread to be decorated with the letters of the alphabet, which the ſagacious infant devoured more with her eyes than her teeth. This pleaſed me; it ſeemed an earneſt of future literary greatneſs, and immediately determined me to gain ſome acquaintance with the damſel, in order to find whether at ſome future period ſhe was likely to anſwer my matrimonial ſpeculation. In a few days I found out her abode, and waited on her mother, an induſtrious waſherwoman in the neighbourhood; told her my tale, to which ſhe did "ſeriouſly incline;" and ended by requeſting that ſhe would put her daughter under my tuition. The old woman thankfully accepted the offer, aſſuring me that her daughter was one of the *'cuteſt girls in the whole ſtreet*; and, having called her in, and acquainted her with the ſubject of our conference, I had the ſatisfaction to find that ſhe expreſſed an entire readineſs to ſubmit to my inſtructions. We accordingly departed, hand in hand. Little Phœbe (for ſo ſhe was called) immediately entered upon her courſe of lectures with an alacrity that both ſurpriſed and pleaſed me. She learned to read even quicker than Madame de Genlis' infant prodigies; ſoon became acquainted with a large portion of Engliſh literature; and in the courſe of a few years was miſtreſs of the French, Italian, Greek, and Latin languages.

I now conſidered the time as having arrived, which fate had fixed for my marriage. Phœbe made no objection; a licenſe was obtained; and Dr. Steadfaſt and Phœbe Morris were introduced to the public, by means of the morning papers, as huſband and wife. My pleaſure did not, like that of many others, end with the honey moon, but received a daily acceſſion of delight; for ſurely no woman, ſince the time of Queen Elizabeth, was ever poſſeſſed of ſuch rare and valuable virtues. The common failings of common women were unknown to Phœbe; her lofty mind "towered above her ſex," and diſplayed ſuch a collection of ſingular endowments, as, conſcious as I am of my inability properly to diſplay, I cannot reſiſt the temptation of endeavouring to deſcribe.

The firſt talent on which my wife piqued herſelf was high ſpirit. The tame acquieſence of Mrs. Shandy ſhe utterly deſpiſed, and indeed gave numerous and forcible proofs of the contrary extreme. For inſtance, ſhe ſpoilt me a famous edition of Pope's Works, by throwing a volume into the fire, in which the author had ſtigmatized ſome lady in theſe words: "No aſs more meek, no aſs more obſtinate." She next tore the cover from a volume of Swift's Letters, becauſe he called her ſex a race hardly above monkies. Her third ſtretch of prerogative was diſplayed by throwing Congreve's Plays out of the window, becauſe in one of them he had declared,

"That woman are like tricks by ſlight of hand,
"Which to admire, we ſhould not underſtand."

Nay ſhe proceeded ſo far as to ſend an elegant edition of Orlando Furioſo to the paſtry-cook, becauſe Arioſto expreſſed a wiſh that Angelica had fallen a ſacrifice to the frenzy of Orlando; and actually baniſhed poor Virgil from the houſe, becauſe he had given her ſex a neuter gender, and inveighed againſt them as "varium et mutabile." Theſe diminutions of my library only ſerved to increaſe my admiration for my wife,

as

as I conſidered them freſh proofs of that independent ſpirit, which is ſo neceſſary to enable a woman to bear up againſt our encroaching ſex, and is ſo rare to be met with in our ſqueamiſh days.

The next quality in my catalogue, for which I have to compliment my Phœbe, is her contempt of dreſs. It is a notorious fact, that many women ruin their huſbands merely in ſilk, lace, and muſlin. My ſpouſe is ſo far from running into extravagance in theſe articles, that I verily believe ſhe has not two yards of either in her poſſeſſion. Her general dreſs is a linen robe, floating looſely about, and faſtened at the breaſt with a Roman Fibula. In this robe, and an old pair of ſandals, ſhe is accuſtomed to wander through the woods, or by the ſide of ſome purling ſtream, with all the ſolemnity of an ancient Sage.

The third virtue which Phœbe boaſts is Chaſtity. This you will acknowledge is no bad quality in a wife. With what rapture have I heard her read Arioſto's Account of Ancient Amazons, and Hayley's Diſſertation on the Ancient Maidens. She has completely cleared my houſe of every female with a tolerable countenance, that I may be kept out of temptation, inſomuch that I may challenge the whole county to produce ſuch a race of ſcare-crows. I have already told of the ravages ſhe has made in my library; but I forgot to mention that ſhe has inſiſted on my parting with a volume of Greek Poems, becauſe there was a ſmall portion of contraband goods on board, which was no other than that famous Ode of Sappho, beginning

Φαινεταὶ μοι κηῦνος ἴσος θεοῖσιν,

merely becauſe the expreſſions were not reconcileable to her ideas of decorum.

Thus, Sir, have I endeavoured to give you a faint ſketch of the numerous virtues of my Phœbe; owing, no doubt, to the learned education I have beſtowed upon her. Her particular traits of character, her impromptus, bon mots, &c. I ſhall leave to ſome future and more able biographer to deſcribe. But candour obliges me to confeſs that this blaze of excellence does not ſeem quite congenial to the feelings of thoſe who frequent my houſe. The majority of my acquaintance, not being men of very profound erudition, endeavour as much as they can to keep out of her way; for ſhe has an odd cuſtom of putting queſtions which their capacities are not always equal to anſwering. She once frightened Mr. Simper, the dancing clergyman, from my table, by ſome inquiry relative to the pluſquam perfectum of a Greek verb; and no longer ago than yeſterday, while Sam Sweetwort the brewer was entertaining the company with a deſcription of his phaeton and four, Phœbe ſtopt him ſhort in the middle of his harangue by the following lines from Ovid:

Aureus axis erat, temo aureus, aurea ſummæ
Curvatura rotæ; radeorum argenteus ordo.
Per juga chryſolithi, poſitæque ex ordine gemmæ
Clara repercuſſo reddebant lumina Phœbo.

Such are the various advantages to be derived from marrying a learned woman. Advantages which none but a philoſopher can properly eſtimate, and which none but a philoſopher ſhould endeavour to ſecure. For it might poſſibly happen that a man of confined education would not,

not, for the ſake of diſtant and ſpeculative advantages, willingly forego the common routine of domeſtic comfort. Such a man might think his wife better employed in making cuſtards than in making ſyllogiſms; in pickling cucumbers than in extracting the ſquare root. He might allow a woman a proper degree of ſpirit, without wiſhing her to tear her huſband's books, or box his ears; and, if he were extremely preciſe, might aſſert the poſſibility of preſerving her reputation for chaſtity, without baniſhing her huſband *à menſâ et thoro*.

PROGRESS OF INGRATITUDE.

ON the borders of the Nubian Deſert, near where the great Father of Waters rolls his congregated floods, the Governor Haſſen Aſchaban ruled his extenſive territory in peace, amidſt the convulſions of ſurrounding nations. He iſſued mandates but for the good of his ſubjects, and raiſed the arm of power ſolely for the purpoſe of adminiſtering juſtice. Amidſt the luxuries of a palace he forgot not the duties of religion, nor ſcorned to bend the knee to the *Protector* of the *Faithful*.

The affections of his people were the bulwarks that defended him; he reared his head and flouriſhed like the cedar of the mountains, beneath whoſe ſhade the weary traveller ſeeks the ſolace of repoſe.

His predeceſſor was a weak and jealous tyrant, who ſaw no comelineſs in virtue, no deformity in vice; but ſought the *Supreme Good* in the gratification of his ſenſual appetites.

The fame of a beautiful female ſlave, in the poſſeſſion of one of the petty Princes near the cataracts of the Nile, reached his ear; and he offered riches and honours to the man, who, by force or artifice, would bring her to his ſeraglio. Caſganaſkar, a perſon of deſperate fortune and dark intrigue, who had formerly been baniſhed for crimes of the moſt atrocious nature, threw himſelf at the foot of the throne, and offered his ſervices in this hazardous enterprize. He found acceptance in the eyes of his Prince: he ſucceeded in his attempt; and, returning with the ineſtimable prize, lodged her ſafe in the royal apartments.

The ſymmetry of her form was like that of the ſlender palm; her eyes were brilliant as the glowing diamond; and her breath fragrant as the gardens of Damaſcus.

The Tyrant having accompliſhed his deſires, praiſed the fidelity of the meſſenger, on whom he laviſhed favours with an unſparing hand; and, finally, raiſed him to the higheſt office in his dominions.

In this ſituation he was ſuſpected of endeavouring to ſubvert the Government, and of intriguing with the favourite women of the Court. The jealouſy and indignation of his maſter were rouſed; and, in the firſt emotions of anger, he commanded his head to be ſtruck off: but, from political motives, on further deliberation, he changed the ſentence to that of perpetual impriſonment.

In the neighbourhood of Tamalma, the ruins of an ancient tower caſt its lengthened ſhade on the deſert of Zaara; and beneath its foundations were thoſe hideous dungeons, where the victims of royal

diſpleaſure

diſpleaſure lingered out the remains of a miſerable exiſtence.

Benhadar was the Governor of this tower, and to thoſe regions of ſorrow was conſigned the heretofore much envied Caſganaſkar. In a lonely cell he clanked his heavy chains in darkneſs, where the loathſome ichneumon was his only companion, and the conſtant witneſs of his groans and tears.

After many moons had paſſed, Benhadar, who had been acquainted with a variety of circumſtances in favour of his priſoner, relaxed his rigor; and, at the hazard of his head, treated him with unmerited indulgence.

It was at this period of time the Tyrant died, and Haſſan Aſchaban ſucceeded to the government of the province; of whoſe virtues, and the lenity of his keeper, the wretch Caſganaſkar availing himſelf, had the addreſs to cauſe a repreſentation to be made to that Prince of the unfaithfulneſs of Benhadar to his truſt, in granting unwarranted liberty and indulgence to the priſoners committed to his charge.

Caſganaſkar, in the days of his proſperity, by arts unknown to generous minds, had made himſelf many friends. Thoſe had forſaken him in the gloomy ſeaſon of adverſity; but obſerving the revolutions of fortune, they now foreſaw that his readvancement appeared practicable, and when accompliſhed, could not fail to contribute to their own intereſt. Stimulated by motives of ſelf-love, they ſtepped forward, and ſucceeded in reſtoring the minion to the notice of royalty.

Princes ſee through tinted optics, and hear but through the medium of others: Haſſan Aſchaban, incenſed at the injuſtice of his predeceſſor, and the infidelity of his ſervants, ordered the good Benhadar to be thrown into the dungeon, and appointed Caſganaſkar to ſupply his place as Governor of the fortreſs. Though long a probationer in the ſchool of affliction, this man had not profited by its admonitions; with the fortitude of virtue, he had loſt the ſenſe of gratitude and the feelings of humanity. His tyranny over the victims committed to his truſt was ſuch as added double weight to misfortune, while it involved in the common doom the friend to whom he owed the moſt indiſpenſable obligations.

Haſſan Aſchaban was not unacquainted with the corrupt ſyſtem of Eaſtern politics: he was aware of the abuſes which had been introduced during the reigns of his effeminate anceſtors; his firſt great attempt was, therefore, to ſeek the ſources of thoſe polluted ſtreams which repleniſhed the channels of corruption, and diffuſed their baneful influence through all his territories. For this purpoſe he not only employed men of integrity in every diſtrict, to make faithful reports concerning the public welfare; but anxious to ameliorate the condition of the moſt unfortunate of his ſubjects, he viſited in perſon the dwellings of wretchedneſs, where he marked with the niceſt diſcrimination the ſufferings of Virtue and of Vice.

With active zeal he explored the dungeons of Tamalma, and granted every priſoner permiſſion to relate his own hiſtory. That of Benhadar made a particular impreſſion on his mind, while every tongue bore teſtimony to the worth of this injured man; and a number of corroborating circumſtances added weight to his own narration.

The Prince poſſeſſed a mind open to conviction. The proofs of Benhadar's

hadar's innocence appeared unqueſtionable. He readily penetrated the dark labyrinth of iniquity; in conſequence of which, Caſganaſkar was degraded, and Benhadar raiſed to the rank of Prime Miniſter; in which exalted capacity he was entruſted with the fate of his enemy, whom he generouſly pardoned, on condition that he retired beyond the cataracts, and returned no more.

Long and proſperous was the reign of Haſſan Aſchaban. His fame extended from the walls of Cairo to the Ethiopian Deſert; while the voice of an happy people applauded the wiſdom of his act, in the promotion of a man of integrity, who poiſed the balance of Juſtice with a ſteady hand, to the diſcomfiture of Vice, the encouragement of Virtue, and the eventual aggrandizement of an extenſive territory.

On a general and curſory ſurvey of mankind, we are too frequently inclined to form incoherent opinions of cauſes, on which depend the moſt important events; and are far more ready to arraign the Wiſdom which planned and arranged all mortal affairs, than to acknowledge our own want of penetration to account for the various movements of a grand and complicated machine.

Misfortunes operate variouſly on the human mind. Some hearts they ſoften and fructify: others they render more callous and ſteril. Of the cup of *Proſperity*, few know how to drink with moderation; particularly thoſe who are moſt unaccuſtomed to the faſcinating draught: but when the ſweet ingredient of *Power* is mingled therewith, it becomes in the extreme intoxicating and dangerous! And the man who can reſiſt its temptations, muſt be little leſs than a prodigy of Temperance and Virtue.

We are apt to think hardly of Providence reſpecting her diſpoſal of the links in the great chain of *Subordination*: but we have frequent opportunities of being convinced, that our judgment is fallible and erroneous.

To but a few has Heaven permitted the lot of riſing to conſpicuous ſituations, and preſiding over the fates of their fellow mortals; and that lot is wiſely decreed to be the touch-ſtone of their Vices and Virtues. Placed beyond the reach of control, the vain will indulge their vanity, the ambitious their ambition, and the ungrateful their ingratitude: the wiſe will diſplay their wiſdom, the juſt their juſtice, and the merciful their philanthropy.

Here will men appear in their proper colors, and excite the indignity or admiration which they deſerve. They will long be held up to view as perfect patterns or juſt examples, and will ever bear teſtimony to this important truth: That, in every ſtate or country, the "bad are public curſes, and the good public bleſſings:" That Vice is the dangerous rock which threatens the community with ſhipwreck; and Virtue the faithful beacon, that guides through ſtorms and tempeſts to the "deſired haven" of Peace and Proſperity.

KOTZEBUE.

KOTZEBUE, the celebrated German Dramatiſt, was born at Weimar, in Saxony; a city, which has long been conſidered as the moſt refined in Germany, as far as relates to the manners of the inhabitants. It is at preſent famous for its ſeminary for the education of young men of

of rank, affording the ſtudents the double advantage of acquiring the moſt extenſive erudition, and of improving their manners by a conſtant intercourſe with the Court of the reigning Duke, one of the moſt poliſhed at this time in Europe. Kotzebue's predilection for the Drama diſplayed itſelf while he was very young; for in his youth, he not only wrote, but performed in ſeveral private theatres, though, we believe, he never appeared on any public ſtage. He was educated under the celebrated Profeſſor Muſœus, and early betook himſelf to the profeſſion of the law, which he practiſed with conſiderable ſucceſs, filling various eminent ſtations, till at length he became Preſident of the High College of Juſtice in the Ruſſian province of Livonia, where, at his leiſure moments, he wrote many of his dramatic works, as well as other miſcellaneous compoſitions. The cabals of a powerful party in Livonia, who envied his ſuperior talents, compelled him, after ſome years, to reſign his profeſſional ſituation; when, fortunately for the admirers of genius and learning, he reſolved to devote himſelf entirely to literary purſuits, and accordingly repaired to the Court of Vienna, where he was ſhortly afterwards appointed Dramatiſt and Director of the Imperial Theatre; an office which he has ever ſince filled with pleaſure to himſelf, and the higheſt ſatisfaction to the Emperor, under whom he has been thus honorably employed.

For the COLUMBIAN PHENIX.

MR. EDITOR,

IF you think the enclosed "FRAGMENT" *of a* female *friend worthy publication, by inserting it in your useful Miscellany you will oblige*

Yours, &c.

A FRAGMENT.

"LOST is happineſs—hope has fled forever. This boſom ne'er again will bound with joy; rapture throb my heart no more. The ſeat of ſenſibility has loſt its energy and ſuſceptibility of emotion."------Thus ſighed Louiſa. I approached the unhappy girl, and demanded a participation of the grief which conſumed her, as a tribute due to my ardent regard.-----"My ſtill loved Maria," ſaid my unfortunate friend, "long ere this ſhould your breaſt have been the repoſitory of my woes, had not agony of ſorrow attended even their contemplation: but now can I recount their ſource, unmoved to tears—their recollection gives not one pang; nor can a narration excite a ſigh. I have ceaſed to mourn—methinks my heart has become callous to feeling."-----I preſſed her to my boſom, and dropped a tear on her face, which ſmilingly ſhe wiped away. She put her hand to her forehead, then placed it upon her heart, and began her ſtory.

"Maria, I loved a youth whoſe ſoul could boaſt of every ennobling qualification; his heart of every virtue; and his mind of the moſt extenſive knowledge. His boſom glow-

ed

ed with a mutual paſſion. Each confided in the other—bliſs never was more exalted. Malice interpoſed, and tore from my bleeding heart the object on whom it doated. My Frederick believed me attached to another. I mourned with ſeverity of ſorrow—but anguiſh was ſoon warped to apathy. I feel no more," ſhe ſaid; but her boſom heaved convulſive. She ſighed "Frederick," and her voice ceaſed forever.

Louiſa repoſes in her grave, unconſcious of her wrongs!

THE LAY PREACHER's REVIEW

OF A LATE EUROPEAN POEM.

[*We are at a loſs to determine which derives moſt honor from this ſhort Eſſay, the Poet or the Preacher.*]

A POEM has juſt been publiſhed at New-York, addreſſed to the Author of the "*Purſuits of Literature*," entitled "*The Unſex'd Females*," to which is annexed, "*A Sketch of the Private and Public Character of Peter Pindar.*" The whole in a neat pocket volume, with ſuperfine paper and elegant print. As the title of the above book is ſingular, not to ſay obſcure, it may contribute to the juſt popularity of a very uſeful and engaging work to deſcribe its ſcope, and unfold ſome particulars reſpecting its author. The object of this well-timed and deſerved ſatire is, to expoſe the moral deformity of thoſe arrogant and audacious, literary, political, philoſophical courtezans, who, emulous of the fame of Mrs. Woolſtonecraft, have ſtriven to diveſt the ſex of their ancient character; to baniſh ſhamefacedneſs, and ſoftneſs, and delicacy, the retired virtues, and the domeſtic attainment; and to invite women to become amazons, and ſtateſ*men*, and directors, and harlots, upon philoſophical principles. This outrageous and unnatural ſcheme is one of that viperous brood, hatched by a cuckoo revolution, and reared in the ſweet receſſes of Tallien's bed-chamber, and Madame Roland's *cabinet* parties. Helen Maria Williams was initiated in the new myſteries of female maſonry by her fellow craftſ*man* the melting Mary, and William taught Ann Yearſley, the Briſtol milkwoman, to ſuck in the new doctrine with her mother's milk, and Ann Yearſley taught Robinſon, alias Perdita, alias the Bird of Paradiſe, alias the *friend* and bedfellow of the Prince of Wales, and Robinſon taught her daughter, and this daughter taught Mary Hayes the flippant noveliſt, and Mary Hayes the flippant noveliſt taught all the whores of England. The audacity, profligacy, folly, and preſumption of theſe female philoſophers has excited the juſt indignation of the Reverend Richard Polewhela, a clergyman of the eſtabliſhed church, a claſſical ſcholar, and an Engliſh gentleman of loyalty and honor. The cauſe was ſufficient to require a Juvenal, and a modern Juvenal has been found. The character of Mr. P. is well known abroad as a divine, an hiſtorian, a naturaliſt, and a poet. In the laſt character his renown is high. He is a conſpicuous member of the club of "*Gentlemen of Devon and Cornwall*," who have for many years aſſembled at ſtated times at the Globe Tavern in the city of Exeter,

Exeter, where their literary and feſtal pleaſures reſemble the delightful ſymphoſia of the Greeks, to which men uſed, in the deſcriptive phraſe of my Lord Bolingbroke, "to convene more to *converſe* than to *drink* together." From this literary club many elegant volumes, both in poetry and proſe, have proceeded, to which Mr. P. has been a copious contributor. His "*Engliſh Orator*" is a charming didactic poem on the ſubject of eloquence. His "*Odes and Lyrical Poems*" are the very reverſe of the fanatic ravings, and hobbling Jacobiniſm of Southey; and in his "*Old Engliſh Gentleman*," a poem deſcriptive of ancient courteſy and worth, like De Coverly's, he has exhibited preciſely ſuch a character as a court of Stuarts might patronize, and a Lord Falkland, and a Marquis of Montroſſe greet; at whoſe table Gay and Prior might feaſt, and in whoſe hall the Genius of Hoſpitality and all the Social Powers would delight to dwell.

Stimulated by a hint in a note to the "*Purſuits of Literature*," reſpecting thoſe women, who had choſen of late to become naked prize-fighters in the public arena, Mr. P. has laudably undertaken to exhibit a ſtriking picture of "*Unſex'd Females.*" The invocation to the poem is gratefully and fervently addreſſed to Mr. Matthias. He then hurries immediately to the ſubject, and ſhortly feaſts us with the following deſcription, which the moſt tranſient obſerver of our petticoated cheats will acknowledge to be faithful and true.

"I ſhudder at the new unpictur'd ſcene,
Where unſex'd woman vaunts the imperious mein;
Where girls, affecting to diſmiſs the heart,
Invoke the Proteus of petrific art;
With equal eaſe, in body or in mind
To Gallic freaks, or Gallic faith reſign'd,
The crane-like neck, as faſhion bids, lay bare,
Or frizzle bold in front, their borrow'd hair;
Scarce by a goſſamery film careſt,
Sport, in full view, the meretricious breaſt,
Looſe the chaſte tincture, where the graces ſhone,
And languiſh'd all the loves, the ambroſial zone."

The portrait of Mary Woolſtonecraft is at full length.

"See Woolſtonecraft, whom no decorum checks,
Ariſe the intrepid champion of her ſex;
O'er humbled man aſſert the ſovereign claim,
And ſlight the timid bluſh of virgin fame."
"Go, go," ſhe cries, "ye tribes of melting maids,
Go ſcreen your ſoftneſs in ſequeſter'd ſhades;
With plaintive whiſpers woo the unconſcious grove,
And feebly periſh, as deſpis'd ye love.
What though the fine romances of Rouſſeau,
Bid the frame flutter, and the boſom glow;
Though the rapt bard your empire fond to own,
Fall proſtrate, and adore your living throne,
The living throne his hands preſum'd to rear,
Its ſeat a ſimper, and its baſe a tear;
Soon ſhall the ſex diſdain the illuſive ſway,
And wield the ſceptre in your blaze of day;
Ere long, each little artifice diſcard,
No more by weakneſs, winning fond regard;
Nor eyes that ſparkle from their bluſhes, roll,
Nor catch the languors of the ſickening ſoul,
Nor the quick flutter, nor the coy reſerve,
But nobly boaſt the FIRM GYMNASTIC NERVE;
Nor more affect with delicacy's fan
To hide the emotion from congenial man,
To the bold heights where glory beams, aſpire,
Blend mental energy with paſſion's fire.
Surpaſs their rivals in the powers of mind
And vindicate the rights of womankind."

The conſequences of illicit love are thus deſcribed, in illuſion to the tender

tender connexion between Mrs. W. and Imlay, the Speculator.

" Bath'd in new bliſs, the fair one greets
the bower,
And raviſhes a flame from every flower.
Love at her feet inhales the maſter's ſighs
And dart voluptuous poiſon from her eyes.
Yet while each heart-pulſe in the Idalian
grove
Beats quick to Imlay, and licentious love,
A ſudden gloom the gathering tempeſt
ſpreads;
The floral arch-work, withers o'er their
heads;
Whirlwinds the paramours aſunder tear;
And wiſdom falls the victim of deſpair."

While the author indulges himſelf in thus expoſing degenerate woman, he forgets not thoſe illuſtrious and ingenious ladies who have not forgotten themſelves.

" See Seward ſting with rapture every vein,
Or gay Piozzi ſport in lighter ſtrain;
And Burney mix with ſparkling humour
chaſte
Delicious feeling and the pureſt taſte,
Or Radcliffe wrapt in necromantic gloom
The impervious foreſt, and the myſtic
dome;
See Beauclerk paint Leonora's ſpectre horſe,
The uplifted lance of Death, the griſly corſe;
And e'en a Princeſs lend poetic grace
The pencil's charm and breathe in every
face,"

On the whole, we are confident that this little poem will be read from higher conſiderations, than the mere name of the author, or its literary merit. Both the poetry and the notes contain thoſe *principles*, which are not only externally true and ſtable, but preſent the broadeſt defence both to man and woman, againſt the aſſaults of vice, or the minings of ſubtle philoſophy.

For the COLUMBIAN PHENIX.

CASE STATED BETWEEN THE HUSBAND AND WIFE.

I AM an old man, and have had the misfortune of loſing one of the moſt amiable of women, with whom I lived many years in a a ſtate of felicity unknown to ſome of the huſbands of the preſent day. It is the contempt into which the matrimonial ſtate has fallen, in the opinion of many, that has induced me to take up my pen, to endeavour to point out the true ſource of thoſe domeſtic ills. Upon the whole, I will venture to pronounce, that the want of virtue in a woman proceeds principally (if not entirely) from the want of tenderneſs in the man. A marriage is concluded between two perſons who love each other (for of thoſe legal proſtitutions, called convenient or mercenary matches, we will not talk) they ſet out in life well pleaſed; the young wife finds paſſions to whoſe very exiſtence ſhe was a ſtranger; and in thoſe paſſions ſo wiſely implanted finds happineſs going hand in hand in virtue. Probably an heir is the firſt fruits of their endearment, and ſhe adds the tenderneſs of a mother to the redoubled fondneſs of a wife; but to her aſtoniſhment, ſhe finds an alteration in the conduct of her huſband, for which ſhe cannot account, and of which ſhe muſt not complain; lonely days and ſleepleſs nights ſhe muſt ſubmit to, and ſtrictly perform her part of the covenant, whilſt the huſband is breaking his in every article.

Say, ye men of pleaſure, ye purſuers of variety, what is it you ſeek? Is your enjoyment leſſened, by conſidering that you take to your arms the mother of thoſe children on whom you doat?—Is the boſom leſs ſoft, becauſe it contains a heart attached to your perſon, anxious for your

your welfare, and watchful for your intereſt?—Are the tender, warm careſſes of a modeſt, chaſte affection leſs endearing than the feigned tranſports of an artful, venal wanton? of one who perhaps waits with impatience for your abſence, to laviſh on others what folly has laviſhed on her? Or is it, in ſhort, that, contrary to the opinion of Plato, and all the ſages of antiquity, virtue in your eyes wears ſo forbidding an aſpect, that beauty itſelf grows diſguſtful when preſented to you by her hand? Reflect one moment on the conſequences naturally ariſing from your conduct. The neglected wife, alive to ſenſations implanted by nature, ſanctified by laws both divine and human, and regulated by virtue, finds herſelf reduced to content herſelf with civility, and at beſt the cold regards of friendſhip, from the man who firſt taught her to know ſhe had a feeling heart, and for whom ſhe ſtill retains a lively fondneſs; but this, when meeting with nothing but ſlights, will dwindle by degrees into indifference, and ſhe contents herſelf with the bare diſcharge of her duty. Perhaps in the number of thoſe who frequent your houſe, and call themſelves your friends, ſome one may be found who will think that neglected form worth his notice, and ſeek to avail himſelf of your folly.

I know the men are all ready to cry out, That be a woman's carriage but properly reſerved, and the moſt hardened libertine will never dare attempt the infringement of the matrimonial law. Have you then forgot, that be your wife ever ſo reſerved, ever ſo prudent, theſe, the companions of your gayer hours, are ever on the watch to find out your ſentiments? They ſee you behave, in her preſence, without that decency, that decorum, that ever waits on wedded love; and hear you in her abſence, declare your notions of the ſex, declare that Venus herſelf would pall on a ſecond enjoyment. Fired with the diſcovery, they redouble their attention; they ſee neglect on your ſide, anxiety (perhaps pique) on hers; they watch their opportunity to ſhew her the moſt reſpectful preference, till, by a thouſand delicate attentions, they revive the memory of what firſt made her happy, ſhe inſenſibly beſtows on a lover thoſe affections which her huſband no longer cares for, and finds too late (unhappy and miſtaken woman) that the ſatisfaction ſhe ſought in vain from a virtuous connexion, can never be found in a criminal one, and ſhe falls a prey to public infamy, or ſecret remorſe, condemned by an unjuſt world to ſuffer alone the puniſhment in which an unkind huſband and wicked ſeducer ought to bear ſo great a part.

Be warned then in time, you who, though you love not your wives, ſtand violently up for your *honor*, and acknowledge the unreaſonableneſs of thoſe weaker minds, efforts of which your firmer ones are incapable.

Theſe cautions well obſerved, I hope you will find as much happineſs in the connubial ſtate as did once your well-wiſher,

SENEX.

ACCOUNT OF THE ANABAPTISTS IN GERMANY, IN THE YEAR 1534.

THE moſt remarkable of their religious tenets related to the ſacrament of baptiſm, which, as they contended, ought to be adminiſtered only

only to perſons grown up to years of underſtanding, and ſhould be performed not by ſprinkling them with water, but by dipping them in it: For this reaſon they condemned the baptiſm of infants, and rebaptizing all whom they admitted into their ſociety, the ſect came to be diſtinguiſhed by the name of Anabaptiſts. To this peculiar notion concerning baptiſm, which has the appearance of being founded on the practice of the church in the apoſtolic age, and contains nothing inconſiſtent with the peace and order of human ſociety, they added other principles of a moſt enthuſiaſtic, as well as dangerous nature. They maintained that, among Chriſtians who had the precepts of the goſpel to direct, and the Spirit of God to guide them, the office of magiſtracy was not only unneceſſary, but an unlawful encroachment on their ſpiritual liberty; that the diſtinctions occaſioned by birth, or rank, or wealth, being contrary to the ſpirit of the goſpel, which conſiders all men as equal, ſhould be entirely aboliſhed; that all Chriſtians, throwing their poſſeſſions into one common ſtock, ſhould live together in that ſtate of equality which becomes members of the ſame family; that as neither the laws of nature, nor the precepts of the New Teſtament, had placed any reſtraints upon men with regard to the number of wives they might marry, they ſhould uſe that liberty which God himſelf had granted to the patriarchs.

Such opinions, propagated and maintained with enthuſiaſtic zeal and boldneſs, were not long of producing the violent effects natural to them. Two Anabaptiſt prophets, John Matthias, a baker of Haerlem, and John Boccold, a journeyman tailor of Leyden, poſſeſſed with the rage of making proſelytes, fixed their reſidence at Munſter, an Imperial city in Weſtphalia, of the firſt rank, under the ſovereignty of its biſhop, but governed by its own ſenate and conſuls. As neither of theſe fanatics wanted the talents requiſite in deſperate enterprizes, great reſolution, the appearance of ſanctity, bold pretenſions to inſpiration, and a confident and plauſible manner of diſcourſing, they ſoon gained many converts. Among theſe were Rotham, who had firſt preached the proteſtant doctrine in Munſter, and Cnipperdoling, a citizen of good birth, and conſiderable eminence. Emboldened by the countenance of ſuch diſciples, they openly taught their opinions; and not ſatisfied with that liberty, they made ſeveral attempts, though without ſucceſs, to ſeize the town, in order to get their tenets eſtabliſhed by public authority. At laſt, having ſecretly called in their aſſociates from the neighbouring country, they ſuddenly took poſſeſſion of the arſenal and ſenate-houſe, in the night time, and running through the ſtreets with drawn ſwords and horrible howlings, cried out alternately, "Repent, and be baptized," and "Depart, ye ungodly." The ſenators, the canons, the nobility, together with the more ſober citizens, whether Papiſts or Proteſtants, terrified at their threats and outcries, fled in confuſion, and left the city under the dominion of a frantic multitude, conſiſting chiefly of ſtrangers. Nothing now remaining to overawe or control them, they ſet about modelling the government according to their own wild ideas; and though at firſt they ſhowed ſo much reverence for the ancient conſtitution as to elect ſenators of their own ſect, and to appoint Cnipperdoling and another proſelyte conſuls, this was

nothing

nothing more than form; for all their proceedings were directed by Matthias, who, in the ſtyle and with the authority of a prophet, uttered his commands, which it was inſtant death to diſobey. Having begun with encouraging the multitude to pillage the churches, and deface their ornaments; he enjoined them to deſtroy all books except the bible, as uſeleſs or impious; he appointed the eſtates of ſuch as fled, to be confiſcated, and ſold to the inhabitants of the adjacent country; he ordered every man to bring forth his gold, ſilver, and precious effects, and to lay them at his feet; the wealth amaſſed by theſe means, he depoſited in a public treaſury, and named deacons to diſpenſe it for the common uſe of all. The members of this commonwealth being thus brought to a perfect equality, he commanded all of them to eat at tables prepared in public, and even preſcribed the diſhes which were to be ſerved up each day. Having finiſhed his plan of reformation, his next care was to provide for the defence of the city; and he took meaſures for that purpoſe with a prudence which favored nothing of fanaticiſm. He collected vaſt magazines of every kind; he repaired and extended the fortifications, obliging every perſon without diſtinction to work in his turn; he formed ſuch as were capable of bearing arms into regular bodies, and endeavored to add the vigor of diſcipline to the impetuoſity of enthuſiaſm. He ſent emiſſaries to the Anababtiſts in the Low-Countries, inviting them to aſſemble at Munſter, which he dignified with the name of Mount-Sion, that from thence they might ſet out to reduce all the nations of the earth under their dominion. He himſelf was unwearied in attending to every thing neceſſary for the ſecurity & increaſe of the ſect; animating his diſciples by his own example to refuſe no labor, as well as to repine at no hardſhip; and their enthuſiaſtic paſſions being kept from ſubſiding by a perpetual ſucceſſion of exhortation, revelations, and prophecies, they ſeemed ready to undertake or to ſuffer any thing in maintenance of their opinions.

While they were thus employed, the biſhop of Munſter having aſſembled a conſiderable army, advanced to beſiege the town. On his approach, Matthias ſallied out at the head of ſome choſen troops, attacked one quarter of his camp, forced it, and after great ſlaughter returned to the city loaded with glory and ſpoil. Intoxicated with this ſucceſs, he appeared next day brandiſhing a ſpear, and declared, that, in imitation of Gideon, he would go forth with a handful of men and ſmite the hoſt of the ungodly. Thirty perſons, whom he named, followed him without heſitation in this wild enterprize, and, ruſhing on the enemy with a frantic courage, were cut off to a man. The death of their prophet occaſioned at firſt great conſternation among his diſciples; but Boccold, by the ſame gifts and pretenſions which had gained Matthias credit, ſoon revived their ſpirits and hopes to ſuch a degree, that he ſucceeded him in the ſame abſolute direction of all their affairs. As he did not poſſeſs that enterprizing courage which diſtinguiſhed his predeceſſor, he ſatisfied himſelf with carrying on a defenſive war; and, without attempting to annoy the enemy by ſallies, he waited for the ſuccours he expected from the Low-Countries, the arrival of which was often foretold and promiſed by their prophets. But though leſs daring in action

action than Matthias, he was a wilder enthuſiaſt, and of more unbounded ambition. Soon after the death of his predeceſſor, having, by obſcure viſions and prophecies, prepared the multitude for ſome extraordinary event, he ſtripped himſelf naked, and, marching through the ſtreets, proclaimed with a loud voice, "That the kingdom of Sion was at hand; that whatever was higheſt on earth ſhould be brought low, and whatever was loweſt ſhould be exalted." In order to fulfil this, he commanded the churches, as the moſt lofty buildings in the city, to be levelled with the ground; he degraded the ſenators choſen by Matthias, and depriving Cnipperdoling of the conſulſhip, the higheſt office in the commonwealth, he appointed him to execute the loweſt and moſt infamous, that of common hangman, to which ſtrange tranſition the other agreed, not only without murmuring, but with the utmoſt joy; and ſuch was the deſpotic rigour of Boccold's adminiſtration, that he was called almoſt every day to perform ſome duty or other of his wretched function. In place of the depoſed ſenators, he named twelve judges, according to the number of tribes in Iſrael, to preſide in all affairs; retaining to himſelf the ſame authority, which Moſes anciently poſſeſſed as legiſlator of that people.

Not ſatisfied, however, with power or titles which were not ſupreme, a prophet, whom he had gained and tutored, having called the multitude together, declared it to be the will of God, that John Boccold ſhould be king of Sion, and ſit on the throne of David.

John kneeling down, accepted of the heavenly call, which he ſolemnly proteſted had been revealed likewiſe to himſelf, and was immediately acknowledged as monarch by the deluded multitude. From that moment he aſſumed all the ſtate and pomp of royalty. He wore a crown of gold, and was clad in the richeſt and moſt ſumptuous garments. A bible was carried on his one hand, a naked ſword on the other. A great body of guards accompanied him when he appeared in public. He coined money ſtamped with his own image, and appointed the great officers of his houſehold and kingdom, among whom Cnipperdoling was nominated governor of the city, as a reward for his former ſubmiſſion.

ON THE PRACTICE OF THE COURTS OF LAW.

[Extracted from a late European Publication.]

ALTHOUGH it is admitted, that the Laws of England are in general ſuperior to thoſe of all other countries, yet it is too true, that there are many conſiderable defects in that part of them which is called the Practice of the Courts, and which ſtands very much in need of being redreſſed. It ſhall be my endeavour to point out a few of them in Law Courts to the public, and at the ſame time to hint at their remedies.

The firſt defect in the practice, which I ſhall mention, is the length of pleadings in writing between the parties; I ſhall confine myſelf at preſent to thoſe in aſſumpſit only, as they

they are more frequently uſed than all the other pleadings in the law together.

If a tradeſman ſues for a debt, the declaration is made to conſiſt of eight or ten counts, each of which is called either an indebitatus aſſumpſit, or quantum meruit; the moſt part of theſe counts are wantonly introduced to increaſe the coſts; every count has a ſeparate promiſe laid in it, as made by the defendant, to pay; the time and place are mentioned twice in each count, and the declaration concludes with a prolix breach of theſe promiſes.

Inſtead of theſe eight or ten counts, and ſo many promiſes to pay, and this long breach of ſuch promiſes, there needs in reality not a fourth part of ſuch length of declaration; for there does not appear to be the leaſt uſe of a quantum meruit, as the plaintiff is not bound to recover the exact ſum laid in the indebitatus aſſumpſit, nor is there any pretence for concluding each count with a ſeparate promiſe to pay; one promiſe to all the modes of laying the plaintiff's demand is perfectly ſufficient. The time and place being once mentioned might ſerve, and the concluſion of the declaration, ſtating the breach, might be very much ſhortened; for example, it would or ought to be a good declaration, if it ſtated, that the defendant, on ſuch a day, at ſuch a place, was indebted to the plaintiff in ſuch a ſum for the goods ſold and delivered, and for the labour and materials and the money laid out, and on the account ſtated, and on the other occaſions, and thereupon he promiſed to pay him the ſame, yet that he has not done ſo, to the plaintiff's damage of ſuch a ſum.

This form ſtates the plaintiff's cauſe of action perfectly well, and the adopting this mode of declaring would ſave about three pounds in every cauſe. Our Courts of Law have lately ſet their faces againſt long pleadings in covenant, and long indictments for perjury; but though long declarations in aſſumpſit are infinitely greater evils, I do not remember they have yet cenſured them.

Another great enormity in the law, and which calls loudly for redreſs, is the expenſe and tedioufneſs of the practice in error.

Firſt a writ of error is brought, and allowed at a conſiderable price. This takes up one term. Then a rule to allege diminution is given, which is all that is done in the ſecond term. Errors are aſſigned in the third, and argued, or pretended to be argued, in the fourth term; ſo that an action, which may be brought, tried, and receive a final judgment in one term, cannot be reheard in a ſuperior Court in much leſs than a year afterwards. This practice is highly reprehenſible, and ſeems calculated merely to encourage the bringing writs of error for delay, and to put money into the pockets of a few officers of the Courts, which purpoſes it anſwers to a miracle.

Error, when it comes to diſcuſſion, is in the nature of a demurrer, that is, the argument of law ariſes upon the matter ſtated on the record; this being the caſe, it may be brought on as expeditiouſly and in the ſame manner as a demurrer is, but it will be hardly credible, that a demurrer may be argued in four or five days, when error muſt be firſt depending eight or nine months.

The law, as to bail in error, is alſo liable to ſtrong objections. In ſome caſes, bail in error muſt be put in to prevent execution, and in oth-

ers

ers not. One would ſuppoſe, that the appearance or non-appearance of real error in the proceedings, would make the difference; but it is not ſo. In caſe there is real error, bail muſt be found where the cauſe has been tried, and if there is not any error in bail, it is not neceſſary, if judgment went by default.

Now in truth there is not the leaſt neceſſity for the writ of error, allowance, bail in error, or any of the rules to tranſcribe, to allege diminution, or to aſſign errors; on the contrary, they are downright nuiſances in the law; for whether there is error in the record or not, may be infinitely better ſeen into in the following manner:—The party ſhould ſtate to another Court by Council the matter he alleges for error, and for this purpoſe, and on this occaſion the Court applied to ſhould have acceſs to and power over the record, without its being removed at all—juſt the ſame as if the record was of the ſame Court. If the Court ſaw the leaſt reaſonable ground for reverſing the judgment, they ſhould ſuſpend execution without bail, till the matter is determined; if no reaſonable ground appeared, execution ſhould not be ſtayed. The error might be argued in four or five days, by delivering paper books, as in common caſes of demurrer. Thus the delay of three quarters of a year, and great expenſes, might be eaſily and naturally prevented, and the parties might be in poſſeſſion of the final judgment of the Courts of Law, in a few days, at a ſmall expenſe. For my part, I am amazed how any ſuch practice as the preſent in error, in the Exchequer Chamber, came to be adopted, it being ſo very dilatory, expenſive and miſchievous; in truth, out of fifty writs of error brought, there is not above one argued.

The adopting this new mode of hearing errors, will entirely aboliſh the proceeding by original writ.

Another practice which is both dilatory and expenſive, is that of ſham pleading, and making up a paper book, with the times allowed for returning it, demurring, and making up the demurrer-book, returning it, and after all, ſtriking out theſe pleadings, and pleading over again; by the management of the defendant's attorney on theſe occaſions, a plaintiff very frequently loſes a term, at an increaſed expenſe; this practice obtains in the King's Bench only, and ought to be aboliſhed.

If the ſeveral clerks of the errors, and the clerks of the papers, were to write over their office doors in capitals, "Delays in Law ſold here for ready money only," you would preſently conclude ſuch a traffic to be ſcandalous and unfit to be endured; but I aſſure you that theſe words might ſtand in thoſe places with the greateſt propriety.

THE UNITED STATES IN MINIATURE.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

A FEDERAL guide-poſt to the political wanderer.

MASSACHUSETTS.

A ſuperb edifice, ſet off with the riches of all nations, ornamented with the ſkill of ancient and modern architects, and tenanted by the grandſires of political wiſdom.

RHODE-ISLAND.

A motley group of ſtability, conceit, and barbariſm.

CONNECTICUT.

CONNECTICUT.

Wiſe in their own eſteem, and learned in the eſteem of others—waiting only the crowing of the Gallic cock, to deny their political head.

NEW-YORK.

Sighing under the prevalence of natural depravity, and cloſing the eyes of a gaſping reputation.

NEW-JERSEY.

Piquing themſelves on their own righteouſneſs, and ſhowing it more by profeſſion than good deeds.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Keel up—like an old ſhip with a valuable cargo, pouring from her hold her weighty goods, while the rubbiſh floats on the top.

DELAWARE.

A gentleman's calm retreat from ſurrounding deluge.

MARYLAND.

A little farm and fiſh-pond, well trimmed and enjoyed, whoſe increaſing ſprings make luxury ſmile.

VIRGINIA.

A bedlam; a heated ſoil, producing ſeeds for every garden of ſedition.

NORTH-CAROLINA.

A mathematical treatiſe, with right queſtions and wrong anſwers.

SOUTH-CAROLINA.

Halting between two—but finally preferring new curd to old cheeſe.

GEORGIA.

Helping with her *right* hand and ſcratching with her left.

VERMONT.

Prowling for prey, and praying for a reform.

KENTUCKEY.

Imitating her mamma in vices, and tearing to pieces every other catechiſm.

TENNESSEE.

Cohabiting with that neighborhood, which beſt ſuits her education.

Anecdotes.

A CHINESE JUSTICE.

THERE was a certain Intendant of a province in that empire, who, out of regard to a particular friend of his, made him Chief Juſtice of the city where he reſided. It happened that this Intendant, on a ſudden, became inacceſſible, and, under pretence of indiſpoſition, would neither do buſineſs nor be ſeen. The Chief Juſtice was extremely concerned at this behaviour; he came often to his houſe, but was denied admittance: at laſt, however, it was granted; and, on entering, he found the Intendant in a very melancholy poſture; he therefore entreated his friend not to conceal from him the real cauſe of his affliction. For a while the Intendant reſiſted the entreaties of his kind viſitant; but at laſt told him he had loſt the Imperial ſeal out of his cabinet, which yet remained locked, and had no marks of violence upon it; and was therefore diſabled from doing any thing, and cut off from all hopes of recovering this neceſſary inſtrument of his office. The Chief Juſtice bade him keep up his ſpirits, and, inſtead of deſpairing, apply the great abilities he was known to poſſeſs, in contriving ſome means to get the ſeal again. The Intendant ſigh'd, and ſaid it was impoſſible. The Chief Juſtice aſked him, if he had any potent enemy? Yes, ſaid the Intendant, the Governor of this city bears a ſtrong antipathy to me, becauſe a friend of his

miſſed

miſſed the employment I now hold. Very well, ſaid the Chief Juſtice, then I have thought of a method to ſet all this matter right; do you cauſe the moſt valuable of your effects to be brought into your inner apartment, and, as ſoon as they are ſafe, let the outward part of your palace be ſet on fire: the Governor, as it is his duty, will be forced to come to your aſſiſtance; as ſoon as he appears, deliver him the cabinet in which the ſeal was placed; if it was he who cauſed it to be ſtolen, he will be glad to reſtore it, and at all events the blame will lie at his door, not yours. The Intendant inſtantly purſued his friend's ſcheme: the fire drew the Governor thither, as they expected; the cabinet was delivered to him in a ſeeming fright; and the next day, when the danger was over, the Intendant ſending for it again, found the ſeal replaced; for the Governor, finding himſelf over-reached, wiſely compounded, by thus returning the ſeal, for the fraud he had committed in procuring it. Thus the calmneſs of the Chief Juſtice proved a remedy, where a man of ſuperior parts, but without equanimity, would have reſigned every hope, and abandoned himſelf to deſpair.

EMPEROR GALLICNUS.

IT ſeems there were in his days, as well as the preſent, traders who valued *money* more than *probity*, and thought large gains might atone for the moſt iniquitous fraud. A man of this ſtamp, who dealt in jewels, found means to be introduced to the Empreſs, and ſold her a ſet of ſtones, rich in ſhew, but of little value; being in reality no better than coloured glaſs. This fraud, though concerted with imaginable addreſs, was by ſome means diſcovered, and the merchant of fictitious gems dragged to the public tribunal.

The Emperor, after hearing the charge, and examining the proofs, adjudged him to be expoſed to a lion; and the people, ever greedy of blood, ran in crouds to behold the execution. When he came into the area of the den of lions, he was placed in the centre by himſelf. The guards withdrew, the people gazed, and the trembling wretch, overwhelmed with horror, ſtood expecting his fate. On a ſudden a door opened, and out came a cock, which after two or three ſtrides, fell to crowing and clapping his wings; immediately followed a cryer, who made open proclamation in the following terms: "Behold, O Romans, the juſtice of your Emperor! This man, who made no conſcience of deceiving in his trade, is now deceived himſelf."

TWO Sachems of the weſtern Indians, in making a tour to Philadelphia, dined at the houſe of a gentleman of fortune, amidſt a ſplendid circle; and obſerving muſtard upon the table, one of them, without ſuſpecting the conſequence, took a ſpoonful at once into his mouth, which ſoon cauſed the tears to run plentifully down his rugged countenance; but collecting himſelf in a moment, and perhaps no leſs deſirous to conceal his ignorance than to ſee his companion caught in the ſame manner, when aſked by his brother Sachem the cauſe of his crying, replied without heſitation, that it was cauſed by reflecting upon the goodneſs of his father, who was ſlain in battle. This anſwer appeared ſatisfactory to the inquiſitive Chief, while the reſt of the company, out of tenderneſs to theſe unrefined ſons of nature, could only, with the utmoſt exertions, reſtrain themſelves from

open

open laughter. From this moment, the one who had learned by experience the qualities of muſtard, kept his eye conſtantly on his tawny brother of the wilderneſs, until at length he enjoyed the ſuperlative pleaſure of beholding him take a ſpoonful into his mouth in the ſame manner he had juſt done himſelf, and which was productive of the ſame effect. The former now in his turn requeſted of his ſtern companion the reaſon of his ſhedding tears, and was anſwered, with Indian readineſs and wit, "*Becauſe you were not killed when your father was.*"

LETTER FROM PAT. OWEN'S AUNT IN IRELAND, TO HIM IN AMERICA.

Dear Nephew,

I HAVE not written to you ſince my laſt before now, becauſe as we had moved from our former place of living, and I did not know where a letter would find you; but I now with pleaſure take my pen to inform you of the melancholy news of the very ſudden death of your only living uncle Kilpatrick, who died very ſuddenly laſt week after a lingering illneſs of five months. The poor man was in violent convulſions the whole time of his ſickneſs, laying perfectly quiet and ſpeechleſs, all the while talking incoherently, and calling for water. I had no opportunity of informing you of his death ſooner, except I had wrote you by laſt poſt, which went off two days before he died, and then you would have poſtage to pay. I am at a loſs to tell what his death was occaſioned by; but I fear it was brought on by his laſt ſickneſs; for he was never well ten days together, during the whole time of his confinement; and I believe his ſickneſs was occaſioned by his eating too much of rabbits, or peaſe and gravy ſtuffed with rabbits, I can't tell which: but be that as it will, as ſoon as he breathed his laſt, the doctors gave over all hopes of his recovery.

I need not tell you any thing about his age, for you will know that in December next he would have been twenty-five years old, lacking ten months, and had he lived till then, he would have been juſt ſix months dead. His property now devolves to his next of kin, who all died ſome time ago; ſo that I expect it will be divided between us; and you know his property was ſomething very conſiderable; for he had a fine eſtate, which was ſold to pay his debts, and the remainder he loſt on a horſe-race; but it was the opinion of every body at the time, that he would have won the race, if the horſe he run againſt had not been too faſt for him. I never ſaw a man, and the doctors all ſaid ſo, that obſerved directions and took medicine better than he did. He ſaid he had as lief drink gruel as wine, if it only had the ſame taſte, and would as ſoon take jalup as eat beef-ſteak, if it had the ſame reliſh: But, poor ſoul! he will never eat or drink more. And now you have not a ſingle living relation in the world, except myſelf and your two couſins, who were killed in the laſt war. I can't dwell on this mournful ſubject, and ſhall ſeal my letter with black ſealing-wax, and put on it your uncle's coat of arms: So I beg you not to break the ſeal when you open the letter; and don't open it till three or four days after you receive it, by which time you will be prepared for the ſorrowful tidings. When you come to this place, ſtop, and do not read any more till my next.

Your affectionate Aunt,
PEG. OWEN.

P. S. Don't write me again till you receive this.

A POOR

A POOR widow, ſome days ſince attending Exeter market for the purchaſe of a buſhel of wheat, by her tale of diſtreſs ſo far operated on the feelings of a farmer from Credeton Pariſh, that he agreed to ſell her the article in queſtion at a ſhilling below the current price, provided that ſhe went for it to his houſe on the following day. The poor woman readily aſſented, and went accordingly; but the other, in the interim, repented his promiſe, and refuſed to part with his corn under the market price. She had not money ſufficient for the purchaſe, and was returning to her hungry infants, weary, diſappointed, and in tears, when ſhe was met by a recruiting ſerjeant of the neighbourhood. He heard her tale, and promiſing to advance the ſhilling, eaſily perſuaded her to go back. The farmer, on meeting his price, delivered the wheat, but on pocketing the caſh, the ſerjeant declared, that the ſhilling he had given was the King's money, and that the other, by receiving it, was virtually enliſted. However weak the pretence, the farmer, to get releaſed from his embarraſſment, gladly paid the ſmart-money, and let the widow have the corn at her own price.

AN upſtart lady, in one of our midland countries, in converſation lately before a large company, ſaid, "ſhe thought there were but three claſſes of people, viz. the gentry, the middling kind of people, the ſervants and vulgar: in ſhort," ſays ſhe, "*China*, *Delf* and *Crockery*." A ſervant, who was waiting in the room at the time, upon being ordered by the above lady to call down the nurſe and the child, went to the bottom of the ſtairs, and, loud enough to be heard by the company, called out, "*Crockery, bring down little China.*"

Poetry.

THE FASHIONABLE REVIEW. No. III.

WHY ceas'd the playful Muſe in May
t' appear?
Why dropt her pen, as fell the damſel's tear?
Why not through Cornhill glance her eagle eyes,
To catch the neweſt faſhions as they riſe?
Long has ſhe look'd, but look'd as long in vain;
Twice ſeen the moon to full, and twice to wane;
Twice ſeen this rambler through th' ecliptic range,
Still conſtant to her nature's law, *to change;*
And ſtrange to tell, has ſeen the fickle fair,
In nature's ſpite, continue as they were,
Since expectation tiptoe ſtood to hail
The waving pendant, and the ſpreading ſail,
Bid the Minerva welcome to our view,
And take from Madam *Doll* the faſhion's cue.
Sweet paſſenger, what ſad extremes of fate
E'en humble wax, in human form, await!
What throngs of belles and milliners deplore
Thy long, long abſence from our deſtin'd ſhore,
And curſe thy capture by that ruffian band,
That's ſpread a dearth of faſhions o'er the land.
When ſtarve the bees in innovation's hive,
Caprice may languiſh, while a nation thrive.
Though ſatire's arrows in the quiver ſleep,
The Muſe of ſatire has no cauſe to weep:
She leaſt of all can folly's reign endure,
Nor probes a wound, but where ſhe means to cure.
To order, taſte, and virtue, ever true,
Thoſe old tried friends ſhe fears to change for new.

While

While there are *men* by innovation live,
Dreads, moſt of all, "ſuch change as *they* would give."
The Muſe no longer can her ſilence keep,
Since dinners lull our CENTINELS to ſleep.
Say, who beholds not, with indignant hate,
The ſpreading rage for novelty in ſtate?
See brooding faction's buſy craftſmen ſtop
At each retailing politician's ſhop—
(For politicians, well as truant boys,
New playthings pleaſe; but moſt *election toys*,)
Declare how wiſdom has from Adams fled,
And plac'd her cap on Pinckney's pliant head;
Teach how to make the ſervile tools of tools;
Turn laſt year's Solomons to future fools;
Place virtue's garland on ambition's brow,
And make thoſe traitors, who are patriots now.

Such the vile plottings, venerable Sage,
That damn to all poſterity this age;
An age, which yet thy hardy virtues ſhame,
The ſteady landmarks on the road to fame,
To whoſe fair temple thou haſt walk'd erect—
This all the crime, for which it can reject
The darling object of its former choice,
Or turn from praiſe, to calumny its voice.
This, too, was thy compatriot Franklin's crime,
Whoſe name ſhall yet ſurvive the wreck of time,
Though Vandal rage on fame and ſcience frown,
And tear Columbia's garlands from her crown.
Hereafter who will ever dare be great,
Or plant their laurels in a poiſon'd ſtate?

AN ODE

For the Sixth Anniverſary of the Maſſachuſetts Charitable Fire Society.

By CHARLES PINCKNEY SUMNER.

[Boſton, May, 1800.]

WHERE'ER in life's broad path we tread,
The ſhafts of ambuſhed fate are ſpread:
What wary prudence can defy,
Or from Misfortune's arrow fly?

The fondeſt dreams of wealth and power
Ariſe, and periſh, in an hour;
The pirate plunders on the deep;
The bolts of Jove regardleſs ſleep.

The ſudden flame with horrid glare
Strikes trembling crouds with dumb deſpair;
Devouring billows wrap the dome,
Of nuptial joy's delighted home.

The helpleſs widow ſees her all
In the reſiſtleſs torrent fall:
And from her weeping orphans torn,
Through buſy tumult flies forlorn.

Sweet Charity! celeſtial maid,
Thou nurſe of worth, with balmy aid,
Come to relieve the good diſtreſt,
And in another's joy be bleſt.

From lofty affluence' dull diſplay
The modeſt ſufferer turns away,
Thy dewy eye and melting heart
Alone can ſoothe affection's ſmart.

The ſoul is worthy fortune's ſmiles
That merit of a grief beguiles,
With look benign diſpels the ſigh,
And mantling tear of ſorrow's eye.

Misfortune's various forms combine
To make the milder virtues ſhine,
The lovely Charity to ſhow,
Whoſe ſoft hand draws the ſting of wo.

AGAINST SHAVING.

SHRINK, pretty maid, from rougher man;
Wonder how Delia loves him!
Delia will tell you how ſhe can,
Since Delia's *coyneſs* proves him.

His new-reap'd chin, 'hind ſtuff'd cravat,
Dares boldly vie in ſleekneſs:
Delia ſo wiſe, cries, CAVEAT—
I hate this female weakneſs.

Man,

Man, granny Nature made to brave
The ſtorms of life's rough ſeaſon;
Then why ſhould man 'gainſt nature ſhave
His chin and head of reaſon?

If female ſmoothneſs ſooth'd me moſt,
I'm ſure I'd never feel ye;
But female ſmoothneſs cannot boaſt
A charm for lovely DELIA.

EPISTLE FROM DR. FRANKLIN (DECEASED) TO HIS POETICAL PANEGYRISTS.

"DEAR Poets, why ſo full of pain,
Why ſo much grief for Doctor BEN?
Love for your tribe I never had,
Nor wrote three ſtanzas, good or bad.

At funerals, ſometimes, grief appears.
Where legacies have purchas'd tears:
'Tis nonſenſe to be ſad for nought;
From me you never gain'd a groat.

To better trades I turn'd my views,
And never meddled with the muſe;
Great things I did for riſing States,
And kept the lightning from ſome pates.

This grand diſcovery, you adore it,
But ne'er will be the better for it:
You ſtill are ſubject to thoſe fires,
For poets' houſes have no ſpires.

Philoſophers are fam'd for pride;
But, pray, be modeſt—when I died
No "ſighs diſturb'd old ocean's bed,"
No "Nature wept" for Franklin dead!

That day, on which I left the coaſt,
A beggar-man was alſo loſt:
If "Nature wept," you muſt agree
She wept for *him*—as well as *me*.

There's reaſon even in telling lies—
In ſuch profuſion of her "ſighs"
She was too ſparing of a tear—
In Carolina all was clear:

And if there fell ſome ſnow and ſleet,
Why muſt it be my winding ſheet?
Snows long have cloth'd the wintry plain,
Have melted, and will melt again.

Poets, I pray you, go to ſchool—
Dame Nature is not quite a fool;
When to the duſt great men ſhe brings,
Make her do—ſome uncommon things.

THE DISH OF TEA.

LET ſome in grog place their delight,
O'er bottled porter waſte the night,
Or ſip the roſy wine:
A diſh of TEA more pleaſes me,
Yields ſofter joys, provokes leſs noiſe,
And breeds no baſe deſign.

From China's groves, this preſent brought,
Enlivens every power of thought,
Rigs many a ſhip for ſea:
Old maids it warms, young widows charms;
And ladies' men, not one in ten
But courts them for their TEA.

When throbbing pains aſſail my head,
And dullneſs o'er my brain is ſpread,
(The muſe no longer kind)
A ſingle ſip diſpels the hyp:
To chace the gloom freſh ſpirits come,
The flood-tide of the mind.

When worn with toil, or vext with care,
Let Suſan but this draught prepare,
And I forget my pain.
This magic bowl revives the ſoul;
With gentleſt ſway bids care be gay;
Nor mounts, to cloud the brain.——

If learned men the truth would ſpeak,
They prize it far beyond their GREEK,
More fond attention pay;
No HEBREW root ſo well can ſuit;
More quickly taught, leſs dearly bought,
And *ſtudied* twice a day.

This leaf, from diſtant regions ſprung,
Puts life into the female tongue,
And aids the cauſe of love.
Such power has TEA o'er bond and free;
Which *prieſts* admire, delights the *'ſquire*,
And *Galen*'s ſons approve.

THE RURAL BACHELOR.

QUITTING the town, and gay abodes of men,
Chance led my footſteps to a lonely den,
Around whoſe walls no lively flowerets grew,
Dull was its aſpect, and its doors were few;
The crowing cock was all its morning bell,
Mix'd with no pleaſant voice of Nan or Nell;
No blooming trees, no flowering ſhrubs were nigh,
Nothing to cheer the heart or pleaſe the eye;
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Ivy and mint were through his garden ſpread—
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ber, in his capitulation, by Sir Sidney Smith, and have diſpatched inſtructions to Lords Nelſon and Keith to interdict the fulfilment of treaty, upon a plea of its being formed with incompetent authority.

DUBLIN, APRIL 5.

Of nearly one hundred priſoners now confined in Wexford jail, ſeventy ſtand charged with murders committed in the courſe of the rebellion.

APRIL 8.

The ſtate of the county of Limerick is dreadful beyond expreſſion; an open rebellion could ſcarcely produce greater miſchiefs than take place every night. Gen. Sir James Duff is indefatigable in protecting the loyal and ſuppreſſing the inſurgents.

Napper Tandy was to have his trial on the 5th of May.

LONDON, APRIL 12.

Paſſwan Oglou is again become the terror of the inhabitants of Belgrade and its neighbourhood. His army is ſtated to be very numerous.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

LEGISLATURE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

AT 12 o'clock the Two Houſes aſſembled in the Repreſentatives' Hall; when his Excellency the Governor, preceded by the ſheriff of *Suffolk*, and attended by the Hon. Council and the Secretary of State, came in, and delivered the following

SPEECH:

Gentlemen of the Senate and

Gentlemen of the Houſe of Repreſentatives,

THE invitation of my Fellow-Citizens to the reſpectable office which I have undertaken to execute, has excited in me ſentiments of gratitude for the honor they have conferred upon me. At the ſame time it has given me anxiety from an apprehenſion that I ſhall be unable to diſcharge the duties of the office in a manner that will juſtify their confidence. But I flatter myſelf that their candour will incline them to judge favorably of the motives of my conduct, even in caſes where an error may be ſuppoſed.

The occaſion upon which we meet, naturally revives in our minds, the recollection of the ſevere loſſes we have lately ſuffered, in the death of ſome of our moſt reſpectable and diſtinguiſhed Fellow-Citizens.

In the courſe of the laſt year this State has been deprived of its late excellent Governor—He was eminently fitted for the offices which he had ſuſtained, for he poſſeſſed thoſe qualities that acquire univerſal reſpect. To a ſound underſtanding and extenſive political and legal knowledge, he united engaging manners and habitual goodneſs—benevolent, upright and unaſſuming, he was beloved as a Man, and revered as a Magiſtrate; and his memory is bleſſed.

Since that event the whole nation has ſuffered the loſs of the firſt and beſt of Men. We are all witneſſes of the unexampled mourning, with which the death of Gen. WASHINGTON is deplored.—His patriotiſm and ſervices endeared him to every friend of *America*, and his fame has ſpread through the world: But though the reputation he acquired from his great achievements and abilities, was a ſingular attainment, and may therefore damp the ſpirit of emulation—yet his integrity and purity of manners, his reſpect for the inſtitutions of religion, and zeal for the public good, can be imitated by all. May the people of the United States ever cheriſh the remembrance of his modeſt worth, and form themſelves after his example, of private and patriotic virtue—then they will be ſafe and happy, and will inherit the land forever.

Within a few days, the people of this State have again been called, to lament the death of a Chief Magiſtrate. The late Lieutenant-Goveror was an early and conſtant friend to the rights of his fellow-citizens, and his faithful ſervices ſecured to him their attachment.—He diſcharged with reputation the functions of his office, and ſince the death of the Governor, conducted the affairs of the State, with prudence and ability, and to the general ſatisfaction of the people.

With theſe ſubjects of mournful regret, the ſituation of public affairs will ſuggeſt conſiderations ſuited to excite our gratitude to the

the Supreme Being—that we enjoy the bleſſings of a free and undiſturbed Government—that the laws are reſpected, and adminiſtered without oppoſition—and notwithſtanding any diverſity of political opinions, that good will to each other, ſo generally prevails, among the citizens of this State.

While a great part of Europe is involved in a moſt ſanguinary and calamitous war, the people of this country are favored with internal peace, and are at liberty to make improvements in agriculture, and advance towards perfection in the uſeful arts; but as the nations with whom we are moſt concerned in commerce, are parties in the war, the United States have not been able to maintain their neutral character, without experiencing frequent and vexatious interruptions to their trade, by infractions of the law of nations.—Of late theſe injuries have proceeded from a nation for whom we had entertained the moſt friendly ſentiments; and though the Executive Authority purſued the moſt conciliating methods to obtain redreſs, they were unſucceſsful; not even defenſive meaſures were adopted, until as well the People as the Government, were made to realize the truth of a maxim, which had been often repeated by the late PRESIDENT—that if we deſire peace, it muſt be known that we are prepared for war.

A review of the tranſactions that have taken place between the United States and foreign nations ſince the General Government was eſtabliſhed, muſt convince every unprejudiced mind—not only, that the Executive authority has invariably and ſincerely purſued a pacific policy—but that much wiſdom and prudence have been exerciſed, in preſerving tranquillity, to the people of theſe States.

We are encouraged, to hope, that the preſent negociation with the French Government will put an end to the injuries we complain of; and that we ſhall not be compelled to relinquiſh the advantages of a neutral ſituation—however, it is our duty as citizens to adhere to the Government inſtituted by ourſelves, and for our own ſecurity; and to ſubmit cheerfully to the expenſes that have been incurred under the Laws of that Government, in arming for our defence. If, as we hope, there will be no occaſion in the iſſue to make uſe of arms, that reſult may be owing to our being poſſeſſed of them.

As I have had no ſhare in the adminiſtration of the State Government for ſeveral years, it will not be expected that I ſhall attempt to point out particular ſubjects, that may require legiſlative interpoſition—but in general the Conſtitution has declared, in terms that can ſcarcely be too often repeated, that "it ſhall be the duty of Legiſlatures and Magiſtrates, in all periods of the Commonwealth, to cheriſh the intereſts of literature, and the ſciences, and all ſeminaries of them—eſpecially the Univerſity at Cambridge, public ſchools, and grammar ſchools in the towns—to encourage private ſocieties, and public inſtitutions, rewards and immunities, for the promotion of agriculture, arts, ſciences, commerce, trades, manufactures, and a natural hiſtory of the country—to countenance and inculcate the principles of humanity and general benevolence, public and private charity, induſtry and frugality, honeſty and punctuality in their dealings, ſincerity, good humour, and all ſocial affections and generous ſentiments among the people."

In the diſtribution of public employments, it is of importance to the reputation and tranquillity of the State, that appointments ſhould be made with impartiality, and with a due regard to ſuperior talents and meritorious ſervices. But as virtue and ſubmiſſion to the laws are eſſential to a Republic, and form the only ſure baſis of its proſperity—theſe qualifications muſt, I think, be in a peculiar manner requiſite, in thoſe who are appointed to offices in ſuch a Government;—for a man who is not under the influence of moral principles, can have no juſt claim to the public confidence.

There is perhaps no opinion which has more generally prevailed among civilized nations, than that religious principles in the people are eſſential to morality, and a principal ſupport of lawful government, and that the obligation to piety is impoſed on man, by his nature. If lately opinions oppoſite to theſe are patronized, and revealed religion in particular, is repreſented as unfriendly to individual, or ſocial happineſs—it becomes thoſe who believe the truth of Chriſtianity, to endeavour to prevent the progreſs of theſe doctrines of unbelief, by every mild and prudent method—by promoting inſtitutions for the general diffuſion of knowledge—by excluding vicious and profligate perſons from the employment of inſtructing youth—by encouraging and ſupporting public teachers of piety, religion, and morality—and by exemplifying in their own conduct, the genuine effects

fects of that religion, which they regard as the pureſt ſource of human felicity.

Permit me, Gentlemen, to aſſure you, that I ſhall be ſolicitous to fulfil the expectations which my fellow-citizens have a right to form, of my zeal for their ſervice—and that I ſhall cheerfully concur with you, in any meaſures, that may be calculated to ſecure to them the benefits of a mild and juſt government.—And may the Almighty ſucceed our united endeavors, to render the people of this Commonwealth, proſperous and happy.—CALEB STRONG.

June 3, 1800.

We hear that the Hon. James Sheaffe is choſen a Senator in the Congreſs of the U. S. for New-Hampſhire, vice Mr. Langdon, whoſe term of ſervice expires in March next.

The Hon. Samuel Sewal, Eſq. is appointed a Judge of the Supreme Judicial Court, vice the Hon. Nathan Cuſhing, Eſq. reſigned.

His Excellency Governor Strong has been on a viſit to Salem. The moſt reſpectable gentlemen of that town paid their reſpects to him at the houſe of the Hon. Mr. Goodhue.

The Preſident has taken an opportunity, in the courſe of his preſent tour, to wait upon the mourning widow of the illuſtrious Waſhington.

An entertainment was given to the Preſident at Georgetown; and every where he has been received with the moſt lively evidence of love, reſpect, and confidence.

A reſpectable Court, appointed to inquire into the conduct of Capt. Sever, as connected with the accident which befel the frigate under his command, have fully acquitted him.

James Thompſon Callender, convicted of Sedition at Richmond, (Virg.) has been ſentenced to pay a fine of 200 dollars, be impriſoned for 9 months, and give ſecurity for his good behaviour for two years.

Gen. Touiſſaint, it is ſaid, has been denounced to the Tribunate at Paris.

The Preſident arrived at the city of Waſhington, on the 4th inſt. and was received in a very affectionate and reſpectful manner.

FROM ALEXANDRIA, JUNE 7.

A meeting was held at Gadſby's Hotel yeſterday evening, for the purpoſe of making arrangements ſuitable for the reception of the Preſident of the United States, who is expected in town on Wedneſday next.

REVIVAL.—A Mr. Taylor, of Roxbury, being hurt by a bull, apparently expired. He was laid out, and preparations commenced for his burial. After remaining ſix hours without any mark of animation, ſigns of life appeared; and he is now in a fair way to a perfect recovery.

DUELLING.—A gentleman who has counted the Duels publiſhed within the laſt ſix weeks, makes the whole number 21; in which there were 6 perſons killed, and 11 wounded. As the number of Duels within this ſhort ſpace had more than equalled the whole for three years prior to the preſent period, it would ſatisfy the curious if a reaſon could be aſſigned for this pernicious increaſe.

In the Court of Vice-Admiralty, at Halifax, Nova-Scotia, the ſhip Charlotte, belonging to Brothers, Coſtor, & Co. and the ſhip Warren, belonging to Meſſrs. John Murray & Son, of New-York, were lately condemned, veſſel and cargo. The loſs will be very conſiderable to two of the principal inſurance companies of that city. We underſtand that the judge, in paſſing ſentence of condemnation, gave, as his opinion, and grounded his deciſion upon it, that a neutral veſſel, accuſtomed to trade to an enemy's port, was liable to ſeizure on the high ſeas, even though ſuch veſſel might not, *at the time of her capture*, be carrying goods to an enemy, and though her papers might be in every reſpect regular. From this deciſion, we hear, it is intended to make an appeal.

The owners of three veſſels lately captured by the Engliſh, ſailed the 28th inſt. from Salem for Halifax, to uſe their exertions for the recovery of their property.

BOSTON, JUNE, 1800.

HYMENEAL.

MARRIED,

IN this town, at the Trinity Church, by the Rev. Dr. Parker, Mr. JOHN CHANDLER, of Peterſham to Miſs ELIZABETH GREENE, daughter of Mr. Benj. Greene.

At Trinity Church, by the Rev. Dr. Parker, CHRISTOPHER SETON, Eſq. of the Iſland of Tobago, to Miſs P. WENTWORTH BUTLER, of Hingham.

Mr. JONATHAN MEAD, to Miſs RUTHY JENKINS.

Mr. THOMAS D. BRADFORD, to Miſs POLLY PERRY.

At *Philadelphia*, by the Right Reverend Biſhop White, Mr. William Smith, merchant, to Miſs Ann Matlack, daughter of Mr. Joſiah Matlack.

Mr. Charles Harris, merchant, to Miſs Julian Baldeſqui, daughter of Joſeph Baldeſqui, Eſq.

Mr. James A. Hermes, merchant, to Miſs Sally Siddons.

By the Rev. Mr. Uſtic, Mr. Richard Philips, to Miſs Jane Ramage.

By the Rev. John H. Hobart, at the ſeat of Robert Smith, Eſq. Mr. James Robinſon, to Miſs Hannah Ruſſ.

At Friends' Meeting, Mr. Samuel Jones, merchant, to Miſs Patty Paul.

By the Rev. Dr. Greene, Mr. David Rawn, principal clerk in the treaſury department, to Miſs Eliza Cheney.

By the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Capt. Silas Swain to Miſs Elizabeth Linn.

At *Baltimore*, by the Rev. Mr. Kurtz, Mr. John Fuſſelbaugh, to Miſs Barbara Zigler.

At *Roxbury*, Mr. Daniel Weld, of Boſton, to Miſs Hannah Williams, of the former place.

At *Middleborough*, Mr. Kimbell Pratt, aged 65, to Miſs Martha Morſe, aged 16.

At *Salem*, Mr. J. Burnham, to Miſs B. Pitman.

Mr. James Cavet, to Miſs Abigail Duparr.

Mr. Jacob Symonds, to Miſs Rhoda Berry.

At *Milton*, Mr. Lemuel Gulliver, to Miſs Elizabeth Voſe, after a courtſhip of only 25 years.

At *Bradford*, Mr. Samuel S. Jackman, to Miſs Polly Merrill.

At *Newburyport*, Mr. Samuel Lord Dexter, to Miſs Mehitable Hoyt, of Hampſtead.

At *Portſmouth*, Mr. Henry Auſtin, to Miſs Maria Stagpole.

At *Holliſton*, the Rev. Drury Fairbank, of Plymouth, N. H. to Miſs Lucretia Rockwood.

At *Nantucket*, Mr. Clement Folger, to Miſs Sally Gardner.

Mr. Ebenezer Raymond, to Mrs. Elizabeth Long.

Mr. Nathaniel Sherman, to Miſs Hepzibah Worth.

In Methodiſt Meeting, by the Rev. Mr. Beachum, Doctor Elijah Peaſe, to Mrs. Mary Long.

At *Charleſton*, S. C. by the Rev. Mr. Froſt, Mr. Joſeph Purdie, to Miſs Johannah Beſſellew.

At *Newbury*, Mr. John Adams, jun. to Miſs Peggy Lunt, daughter of Mr. Paul Lunt.

OBITUARY.

DIED,

IN this town, Mrs. Mary King, in the 64th year of her age.

Mr. Robert Farnham, aged 30.

Mrs. Luſh, conſort of M. George Luſh.

Miſs Eliza Starr, only daughter of Mr. Joſeph Starr, aged 6 years.

In the 72d year of his age, Mr. Samuel Dyer. The circumſtances attending his diſſolution are uncommonly affecting. Having, for a conſiderable time before been deranged in his mind, he left his houſe early on the morning of the 9th of May, undiſcovered by the family—walked as far as the North pariſh in Reading, where, in the afternoon, he inquired for the directeſt road to Boſton; but unhappily loſt himſelf, ſoon after, in an adjacent wood—was overcome by fatigue, and expired. His life was an uniform exhibition of the true Chriſtian character. Even in the ſhattered ſtate of his underſtanding, the ſubject of religion engaged his principal converſation. Amidſt their diſtreſs, his friends enjoy the comfort of believing, that he is gone to that bleſſed world where bodily and mental weakneſs are not experienced; but goodneſs is crowned with complete perfection.

Miſs Ann Cur Miſſeck, aged 22.

After a painful illneſs, Mr. Joſhua Read.

Mr. Thomas Parker, aged 50. An active naval officer in the revolutionary war.

Mrs. Nancy Simpſon, aged 24, widow of the late Mr. Nathan Simpſon.

Mrs. Suſanna Wallis, wife of Mr. William Wallis, aged 50.

Miſs Elizabeth Molineux.

Mrs. Hannah Sumner, aged 65, widow of the late Benjamin Sumner.

At Trinidad, Mr. John Scott, of this town, merchant, aged 23.

At Quincy, the Rev. Anthony Wibird, ſenior paſtor of the Congregational Church in that town, aged 72.

At Tewkſbury, Mr. Eliphalet Hunt, aged 36.

At ſea, Mr. Allen Breed, of Danvers.

At Marblehead, Mr. Sylveſter Stevens.

At Beverly, Mr. Henry Herrick, A. M.
Mr. Simeon Baker, aged 43.
At Salem. Mr. Jonathan Archer 3d, aged 53.
Mrs. Iſabel Silver, aged 72.
Miſs Betſy Skerry, aged 30.
Mrs. Smothers, wife of Mr. John Smothers, aged 59.
Mr. Chevalier.
Mrs. Suſannah Maſon, relict of the late Capt. Jonathan Maſon.
Mrs. Suſanna Valpey, aged 40. She was weeding in the garden, and feeling unwell, returned to the houſe, and died in about ten minutes.
Miſs Mary Rea, aged 20.
Mr. Ezekiel Goldthwait.
At Newburyport, Mr. Samuel Williams, aged 20.
Miſs Anna Herbert.
Mrs. Margaret Titcomb, conſort of Mr. Pearſon Titcomb, aged 22.
Mr. George Jerry Oſborne, printer, and late editor of the Republican Ledger, printed at Portſmouth.
At Wrentham, Mr. Benjamin Heaton, formerly one of the editors of the Dedham paper.
At Digby, Mrs. Heſter Vicks, daughter of Capt. N. Botsford, formerly of New-Milford (Con.)
At Stockbridge, Mrs. Caſwell, wife of Mr. Ezra Caſwell.
At Dracut, Capt. Stephen Ruſſell, aged 78.
At Whiteſtown, (N. Y.) Col. Ebenezer Boardman.
At Dover, Mr. James Whitney.

SMILES OF FORTUNE.

VARIOUS rumors have circulated, reſpecting the owners of the fortunate tickets, againſt the numbers of which the higheſt prizes were drawn in the *Philanthropic Lottery*; and as the truth is not yet generally known, which has occaſioned ſeveral erroneous ſurmiſes, the following may be depended on as facts: The higheſt prize, 5000 dollars, was drawn by Mrs. ROBINSON, of this town; a widow, and the mother of ſeven children, whom, by induſtry and economy, ſhe has educated in ſuch a manner, as to render them reputable and uſeful members of ſociety. The money was paid, a few days after the drawing of the lottery, into the hands of Capt. Connor, (of the ſign of the bell) at whoſe houſe Mrs. R. reſided. The prize of 3000 dollars was drawn by a quartered number, two parts of which belonged to two mechanics of this town; one fourth was owned by a young Lady, and the other fourth by a young Lad, both of the country, but of different places. The prize of 1000 dollars was drawn by a young gentleman of the law, belonging to Charleſtown, near Boſton. This, however, is not to *him* the firſt inſtance of the *favor* of *fortune*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR friend, and the friend of ſcience, in the vicinity of Newburyport, has our thanks for his firſt communication; we anticipate further favors.

The fair authoreſs of "A Fragment" has very prettily imitated the unrivalled author of the "Sentimental Journey." Any future production of the ſame hand will be highly acceptable.

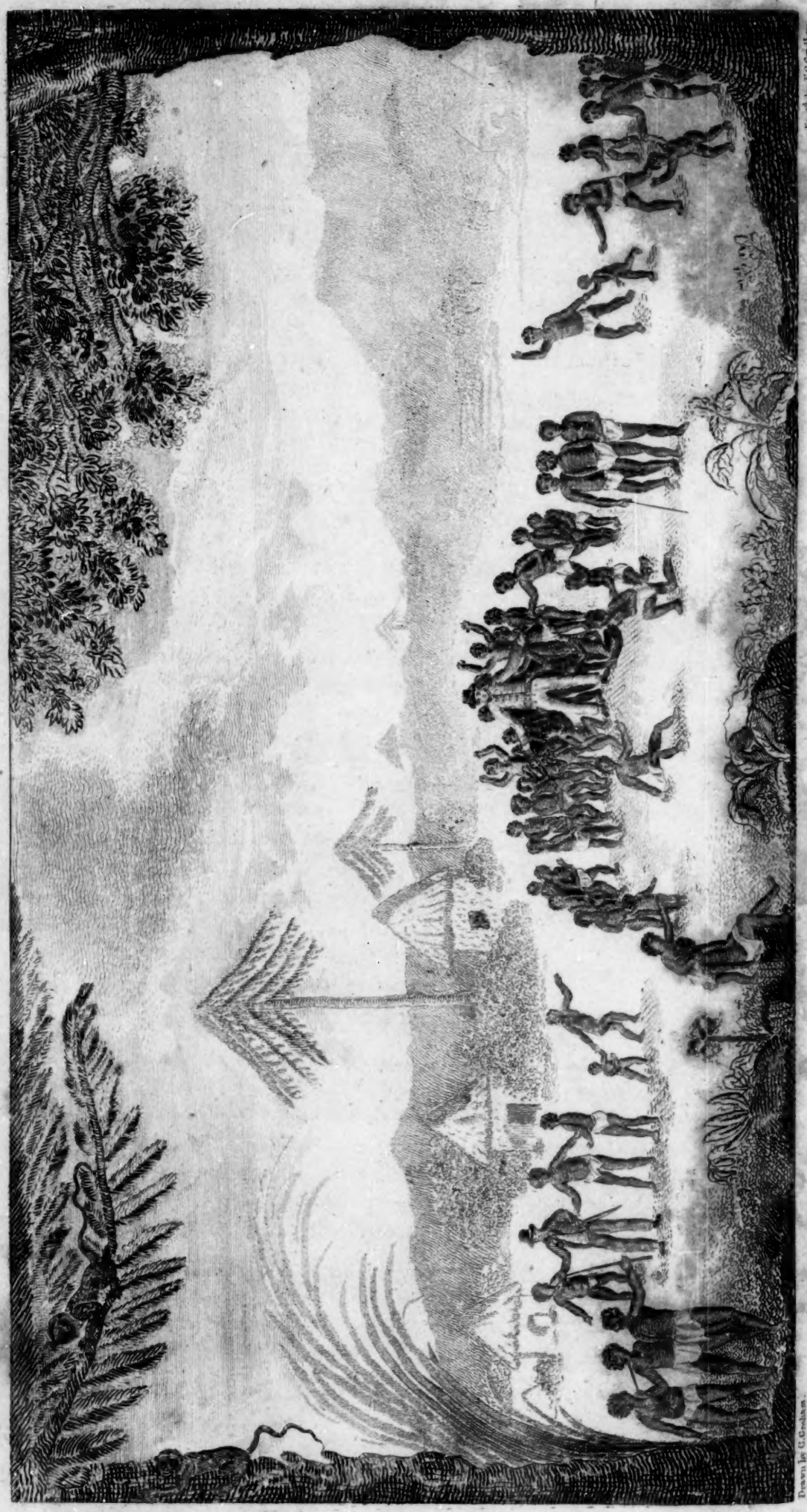
We regret the omiſſion of "The Gentleman at Large," though his excuſe is reaſonable. The aſſurance that his pen is ſtill at the ſervice of the Phenix, is not leſs pleaſing to us, than it will undoubtedly be to our fair patroneſſes.

"Marcus" will need much information before he can with propriety aſſume "The Reformer."

The object that awakened Strephon's fancy in the Mall, cannot be more unchaſte than his production is unpoetical.

Our anticipated Correſpondent of Vermont has approved himſelf no leſs ſteril than his neighboring cliffs.

An elegant plate will embelliſh the next number.


Engd. by E.Goodridge.
Drawn by G.Graham.